THE
Revengeful Queen.

A

Books Printed for, and Sold by Peter Buck, *at the Sign of the* Temple, *near the* Inner-Temple-Gate, *in* Fleet-ſtreet.

Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, a Tragedy; Acted at the New Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, By His Majeſty's Servants. Written by Mr. *Hopkins*.

Love's a Jeſt, a Comedy, *&c.* Written by Mr. *Motteux*.

A Plot and no Plot, a Comedy; as it was Acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*. Written by Mr. *Dennis*.

The Novelty, Every Act a Play; Being a ſhort Paſtoral, Comedy, Maſque, Tragedy, and Farce, after the *Italian* manner; as it was Acted at the New Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. Written by Mr. *Motteux*.

The Intrigues of *Verſailles*, or, a Jilt in all her Humours, a Comedy; Acted at the Theatre in *Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

The Provok'd Wife, a Comedy; as it is Acted at the New Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

Twenty Five Select Alluſions, to ſeveral places of *Horace*, *Martial*, *Anacreon*, and *Petronius Arbiter*. Written by Mr. *Dilke*.

The Pretenders, or the Town Unmask'd, Acted at the Theatre in *Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, By His Majeſty's Servants. Written by Mr. *Dilke*.

THE

Revengeful Queen:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it was ACTED at the

Theatre-Royal,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by *WILLIAM PHILIPS*, Esq;

LONDON,

Printed for *P. Buck*, at the Sign of the *Temple*, near the *Inner-Temple-Gate*, in *Fleet-street*, 1698.

To His GRACE

The Duke of *ORMOND*, &c.

IT is an old Obſervation that one Misfortune always attends another. I have ſufficiently experimented it; and I may as juſtly ſay the ſame thing of my folly, in the Conduct of my Life, and in what relates to this Play. It was folly in me to Write at all, greater to Write no better, and chiefly to Print what I have Writ. If in any thing I have acted with Conduct and Prudence, 'tis in begging Protection for this from your Grace, who are ſo able to ſhield both this and its Author from their Enemies. And indeed, I may ſay it is natural in me, to claim this from you; becauſe your Family have vouchſafed to be the Patrons of mine for ſeveral Generations. Nor ſhou'd I doubt your proving ſo to me, ſince you are replete with Goodneſs, and inherit all the Virtues of your Anceſtors, had I the leaſt Pretence to ſay ſo of my ſelf; but I can only boaſt the ſame Zeal and Affection for your Service and Intereſts.

I perceive that the Characters of Alboino *and* Roſamund *are not agreeable to the preſent Taſte of the Town; the beſt defence I can make is, that I have follow'd the truth of the Story, as any one will find, who will take the Pains to read it in the Fourth or Fifth Page of* Machiavel's *Hiſtory of* Florence: *There are, without doubt, other faults in it, I wiſh, thoſe who have the Wit to obſerve them, wou'd have the Candour to inform me of them, that if ever I am*

Idle

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Idle enough to write again, I might indeavour to avoid them: And tho' this ſhou'd abound with more, yet I fancy, there are many in this Town, who will have good or ill Nature enough to acknowledge, there are great Allowances to be made to a Man's firſt Play, and to a Man of Ireland.

A conſiderable time after this was Writ, I was inform'd, That Sir William Davenant *had made a Play on the ſame Story; I knew it not before, nor have I yet ſeen it: It was very unhappy for me to happen on the ſame Subject with ſo Ingenious a Perſon; I ſuppoſe no one will think me deſignedly guilty of ſuch Confidence; that is a Vice, I hope I ſhall never be juſtly tax'd with; and yet I have now inſenſibly ſlid into it; for it does not argue greater aſſurance in one ſo weak as I am, to write after him, than to write to you. And therefore tho' I allow the Errors the Criticks may pleaſe to find in this Trifle, and tho' I ſlight no one's Opinion or Cenſures; yet they muſt excuſe me, if I declare, I dread not thoſe ſo much, as that your Grace will not Pardon this Preſumption in,*

May it Pleaſe your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt Obedient

and moſt Faithful Servant,

WILL. PHILIPS.

PROLOGUE.

AS a Pale Virgin coyly do's refuſe,
To grant the Favour which ſhe longs to loſe;
Faintly contending, that ſhe may remove
The actual Conſummation of her Love;
Fain wou'd ſhe have her Dreams unridled to her,
Yet baſhfully reſiſts him, that wou'd ſhew her:
Seems to deſire no farther Proſecution,
Yet wiſhes for the Hour of Execution;
At length ſhe underſtands the full Intent,
Partly by Rape, and partly by Conſent.
So this Day's Author between Hope and Fear,
Hopes to ſucceed, yet trembles to appear.
He ſtruggl'd long againſt his Muſe's force,
(Jades are more headſtrong, than a Well-bred Horſe)
His Phillis *firſt, by Songs, he try'd to move,*
Two curſt Diſeaſes, Poetry and Love!
And having once giv'n looſe to her dull Rage,
She now has Impudence to mount the Stage.
Juſt ſo the Nymph, no more by Honor aw'd,
She turns Pit-Whore, then Gallery, then Bawd.
Too like are Poets to a common Whore,
As being much deſpis'd, and very Poor.
No better Evidence can I'm ſure be found,
Where there are ſome kind Masks, where Wits abound.
How happy were't wou'd both leave off in time!
Scribling and Loving quit, while in their Prime.
But being pleas'd at firſt, they ſtill go on,
And never leave, till they are both undone.
Till one is ſwing'd, and till the other's damn'd.
Oh Jove *avert from both what I have nam'd!*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Men,

Albvino, King of *Lombards*, very Brave, but Raſh, Opinionated and Cruel.
Aiſtolfus, His General.
Deſiderio, His Friend, in Love with *Angellina*.
Almachild, A general Admirer, very Rich, Diſſembling, Cowardly.
Odoacre, Treacherous and Splenetick.
Avaro, a Covetous, Rich, Old Fellow.
Cleſi, his Son.
Longinus, The *Roman* Exarch.
A *Roman* Embaſſador.

Women,

Roſamund, the Queen, Haughty, Proud, Revengeful.
Cleanthe, one of her Attendants, in Love with *Almachild*.
Angellina, *Avaro's* Daughter, Vertuous and Diſcreet, privately in Love with *Deſiderio*.
Flora, *Odoacre's* Daughter, Affected, Proud, Mercinary, Jiltiſh.

Guards and Attendants.

THE

THE

Revengeful Queen.

ACT. I. SCENE *Verona*, An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Alboino, *followed by a* Roman *Ambaſſador*, Aiſtolfus, Deſiderio, *and Guards.*

Alb. HOW has *Longinus* dar'd to offer this Affront?
Have I, by any Action of my Life,
Done ought, which ſhou'd encourage him to this?
Ha'nt I, by Deeds ſurpaſſing all Belief,
By ſtedfaſt Honor, and by noble Daring
Purchas'd a Crown, and many Victories?
And ſhall I, for a haughty, bloodleſs Summons,
Shamefully ſully, poorly abandon all?

Rom. Emb. Think not, that in contempt of you, I'm ſent;
All own you brave; *Longinus* knows you ſo:
And in Regard to that, wou'd not your Ruin.
For can your ſingle Valour, or your Arms
Prevail againſt the dreaded *Roman* Pow'r?
Beſides the Offers I have brought are ſuch,
That any other gladly wou'd accept.

Alb. Accept! Look here, my worthy Soldier,
Who in the Heat of Battle can adviſe; [*To* Aiſtolfus.
Who wiſely acts, when Fear, as well as Death,
Prevents the trembling Coward's ſhameful Flight,
And roots him to the Earth.
My temperate, bold Friend, learn thou his Errand,
Then judge, if I ſhou'd tamely hearken to't.

Aiſt. Sure *Alboino* ſo well is known, that none
Dare raſhly ſtrive to injure his Renown.

Alb. Yes, ſpight of my Fame, Virtue, Glory, all,
Spight of the Conqueſts which theſe Arms have won;
Tho' this Place (impregnable of it ſelf)
Is by an Army back't, flush'd with Succeſs,
And headed by the Man, whom Victory

Attends, whom Fortune follows as his Slave;
Yet raſh *Longinus*, the *Roman* Viceroy,
Sends here his Envoy to demand this Town,
And by Recital of his Maſter's Titles,
Thinks to awe me to a tame Surrender.
Gods! that the Man, who ſingly in the Field
Shuns me, as the dar'd Lark, the tow'ring Hawk,
Shou'd yet nouriſh ſuch preſumptuous Hopes;
Becauſe he has a mighty Crowd of Slaves,
Who thruſt themſelves between cold Death and Him.
While He, ghaſtly and pale behind his Troops,
Shrinks at my Blows, he at a Diſtance ſees.

Rom. Emb. Since you refuſe to hearken to our Terms,
A little time will ſhew, how much you wrong
Not brave *Longinus* only, but your ſelf.
Since we by friendly Offers can't prevail,
We muſt uſe Force, and that can hardly fail.

Alb. 'Tis Force indeed muſt make *Alboino* ſtoop.
Not *Jove*'s Command, without his Thunder too
Shou'd bend my ſtubborn Mind from this Reſolve;
That to the utmoſt I'll defend this Crown,
Which by my ſingle Valour I have gain'd.

Deſid. Cæſar ſecure in *Africk* may Command
His Soldiers on ſuch deſperate Attempts.
The Blows we give can't reach ſo far; he's ſafe;
And therefore ſlights how many Thouſands fall
Only to glut his mad, ambitious Mind.

Aiſt. Princes ſhou'd ſcorn to owe the Crowns which they poſſeſs
To any other Merit but their own.
And not, when Glory calls them to the Field,
Commit their Armies to another's Charge,
And only ſerve to be his Councellor.

Rom. Emb. It is Unjuſt thus to degrade —

Alb. No more.
'Tis in requital of your Thoughts of us.
Go, tell *Longinus*, that this happy Day
I Yearly Celebrate, in Memory
That on this Day, I fought, and won this Crown.
Nor ſhall his vain Attempts obſtruct our Mirth.
While he for Buſineſs and for War takes Care,
I, ſtraight for ſplendid Triumphs will prepare.

[*Exit* Alb. *and* Embaſſ. *ſeverally.*

Manent Aiſtolfus *and* Deſiderio.

Aiſt. Well *Deſiderio*, how reliſh you this?
You hear we ſhall have Buſineſs now again.
This baſe corrupting Peace is at an End,

War,

War, and it's chief God our Prince, now once more
Summon us out to Glory and to Arms.
Deſid. I thought to my General I had been known
So well, it might have ſpar'd that Queſtion.
Aiſt. Miſtake me not, my Gallant Friend, I know
There is ſo much Fire lodg'd within thy Breaſt,
That it requires an Alloy of Years
To temper thy youthful, boiling Spirit.
But Peace has ſpread its ill Effects on you;
And tho' ſhe cannot win thee to her Side,
She wou'd rebate thy eagerneſs to War;
And makes a Woman Pimp to her Deſigns,
Thou art a Soldier, but a Lover too.
Deſid. 'Tis true, *Cupid* has ſhot a ſharp and bearded Dart
Into my Breaſt, fixt and rooted here 't lies.
We Soldiers are not mov'd with ev'ry Face,
Like the vain, giddy Courtiers of the Age.
'Tis hard to make a Conqueſt o'er our Hearts,
But that once gain'd, 'tis eaſily preſerv'd.
As Metals which require the longeſt time
To melt them down, remain the longeſt warm.
Aiſt. How comes this God ne'er had a Dart for me?
Have War and Buſineſs frighted him away?
Till thou, my Friend, wer't grown his Votary
I own, I always lookt on Love to be
Th' Effect of Idleneſs and pamper'd Luxury.
Deſid. Have you forgot, when from the War return'd,
That tedious Bloody War, which won this Crown.
Your Spirits were by Famine almoſt ſunk:
Your Blood was ſo exhauſted by your Wounds,
That you had ſcarce enough to nouriſh Life.
Yet thoſe few Drops by *Roſamunda* warm'd,
New Life and Vigor ſpread o'er all your Limbs.
I mark'd you when the Beauteous Queen arriv'd
In Mournful, Solemn Pomp, to ask her Life,
And for a Father and a Kingdom's Loſs
Diſſolv'd in Tears; 'twas then, what Blood you had
Sprung to your Cheeks, and ſtrait retreated thence:
Your Eye-Balls fix'd, and tremblingly you mov'd;
'Twas then, your alter'd Looks declar'd you lov'd.
Aiſt. Some odd Diſtemper ſeiz'd me, I confeſs;
Some ſhort, unuſual Qualm came like a Flaſh
Of Lightning, and as ſoon it diſappear'd:
'Twas not Love; a Face alone ne'er moves me.
Deſid. A Face alone!
Now by my Life, in forming her, Nature

Has been profuſe, and ſhewn her utmoſt Art:
For her ſhe has been at ſuch a vaſt Expence,
Futurity can never hope to ſee
Another perfect Beauty; in ev'ry
Motion, what wondrous Majeſty appears,
Her Shape is Graceful, and her Looks Divine.

Aiſt. It may be that the gods were ſo intent
Upon her Form, that they forgot her Mind.
And while they admir'd the Creature they had made,
Some ſooty Angel ſtole into the crowd,
And ſhuffl'd in a Soul of his own ſtamp.

Deſid. You're too ſevere.

Aiſt. I know to whom I ſpeak.
Pride and Revenge rule chiefly in her Breaſt;
There's not a Vice ſo foul ſhe'd not commit,
Where either might be fully gratified.
She is ſo fir'd, upon the leaſt diſtaſte,
Hell's not ſo hot, and might be ſooner cool'd.
Pray Heav'n her Paſſions may not work our Ruin.

Deſid. We may fear ſo furious a Temper
Will not long agree with *Alboino*'s;
Who is himſelf ungovernably fierce.
His Virtues too have a Compound of Faults;
He's rigorouſly Juſt, brave to Raſhneſs;
So Generous, he would beſtow his Crown,
Rather than Merit ſhould not meet Reward.
But he delights too much in Death and Blood;
Vaſt Deſtruction ſtill attends his Conqueſts ——

Aiſt. No more; this is no place for ſuch diſcourſe;
For tho' we both mean well, yet ſhould ſome Sly,
Inſinuating Courtier over-hear,
This to our Ruine would be ſoon improv'd.
And look yonder comes one, who would rejoyce
To have all worthy Men deſtroy'd.

Deſid. My Rival, *Almachild*, with *Flora*, *Odoacre*'s Daughter.

Aiſt. Yes, and every Man's as well as thine,
Who has a handſome Wife or Miſtreſs.

Deſid. He courts each Woman that he ſees, and few
In vain, for he's a ſucceſsful Lover.
Has all the Arts, and Charms which pleaſe that Sex:
Young, Handſom, Rich, an exact Diſſembler,
Has Wit, and Prodigal of Pains and Wealth.

Aiſt. To corrupt Virtue, or to reward Vice;
To bribe a Pimp, or to procure a Whore,
Laviſhly he'd give an Hundred Talents:
But to aſſiſt the Brave, the Worthy Man,

To ſave from Ruine his King and Country,
He would not part with one ſingle Drachma.
He has that Tinſil *Wit* which Women like,
Can Fool and Toy, and idly prate with them,
For it is Words, not Reaſon, they regard.
For's Cowardice he'll be the more approv'd,
'Fis ſo agreeable to their Nature.

Deſid. I would *Angellina* were to ſee
How buſily he Courts another Face.

Aiſt. Nay, fear not her, ſhe'll not be won with Noiſe
And Equipage, what e'er her Father may.

Deſid. However,
Let us retire, here let him freely Love;
All his Intrigues, but one, I wou'd emprove.

They paſs careleſly by Almachild *and* Flora *as they enter.*

Flo. Who are thoſe?

Alma. *Aiſtolfus* the General, and his Friend *Deſiderio.*

Flo. They might have paid more Reſpect to a Lady; but Rudeneſs is ſo Natural to a Soldier.

Alma. They fancy they expreſs their Courage by that, and their Wit by Fighting. 'Tis their way to hector the Women into a Compliance, and think to win their Miſtreſſes, as they do Towns, by rudely Storming them.

Flo. For my part, I prefer you Men of Breeding to all others; who know when to expreſs your Courage and Civility; and I think exceed Soldiers in all places; for they are neither ſo Brave as you are in Courts, nor ſo Civil in Camps.

Alma. Rudeneſs is not their only Vice; they are ſubject to a much worſe, want of Money.

Flo. But yet they have the confidence to addreſs themſelves to us; tho' a poor Lover is as ridiculous a Creature as an Eunuch Lover; and I'd almoſt be courted as ſoon by the one, as the other. They are both odious to a Lady of Quality eſpecially.

Alma. Were I a Woman, I ſhould be apt to ſuſpect want of VVit, or want of Truth in that Lover, where there was want of VVealth. For, ſuppoſing me in his circumſtances, what greater Madneſs can there be, than for Poverty to Court Beggary: To have a whining Couple ſigh out their Neceſſities, inſtead of Love: And had I Riches, I ſhould conclude, he courted my Perſon only to be Maſter of them.

Flo. VVell, your Lordſhip has all the neceſſary Qualifications of a Lover, as Generous, as Rich; and truly, I think, there can be no greater Proof given of Love, than Generoſity. And I ſhould never think my ſelf Miſtreſs of any one's Heart, till I were of his wealth.

Alma. You know you command mine, and I hope the ſmall Preſent I made you Yeſterday, was ſome demonſtration of it. You receiv'd it ——

Flo. I vow you make me bluſh; it was great and noble: but I could not better diſcover my Eſteem for you, than by my acceptance of it; for my Reputation

putation runs a great Hazard, ſhould it be known. But if I could get a few more ſuch, he would be glad to marry me, to recover them again. *Aſide.*

Alma. Secrecy is my greateſt Virtue. You have promis'd to truſt both your Reputation and Perſon to that—when muſt I receive the Reward of all my Services—my Love, will admit no more delays, and my Paſſion no more diſappointments —— is not this the promis'd day —— and is not Opportunity favourable ——

Flo. But could you find in your heart to Ruine the Woman you love?

Alma. But can you count it Ruine, to taſte the Joys, and have the Wealth, which I can give? I'll fly into thy Arms all Gold, *Jove* rain'd not half ſo much in *Danaes* lap, as I will into thine.

Flo. Nay, 'tis Love alone can Conquer me: and if you love as you pretend, why do you refuſe the laſt great Proof, *Marriage?*

Alma. 'Tis the laſt indeed, for Men ſeldom give any after. Marriage is no more a Proof of Love, than a Security of Conſtancy. Do not I daily vow Fidelity; the reſt is no more but Ceremony, and whatever conſiſts ſo wholly of that, be aſſur'd has little truth in it. Beſides, you'll loſe the greateſt Tye upon my Vows, my Honour, which a Lover may forfeit by Inconſtancy, but a Husband never does.

Flo. But ſtill my Reputation.

Alma. Nay, now you ſuſpect my Honour again: But tho' it ſhould be known, I'll place you above Cenſure; fear not that, while I'm your Lover. Poverty and Diſrepute are always join'd, the Rich are never ſcandaliz'd. And Wives now a-days run a greater Hazard of being kept Poor, than Miſtreſſes, and conſequently are more contemptible.

Flo. You have my heart, methinks that ſhould content you.

Alma. The beſt Anſwer I can give to that, is the Song I made on you.

Flo. You will oblige me, by letting me hear it again.

Almachild Sings.

I.

No more, Aminta, *ſay you love,*
Or I'm the object of your mind;
While ſtill you fear, and diſapprove
To do, what will declare you kind.
Fill'd with ſuſpicious thoughts, my heart muſt be,
Till with your words, I find your Acts agree.

II.

Ah! Can you hear me thus complain,
And ſee me rack'd with fierce deſires,
Yet will do nought to eaſe my pain,
Nor will fulfill what Love requires?
If Truth you ſpoke, you'd not thus Cruel prove,
You may pretend, but cannot hide your love.

Alma.

Alma. For we Men never believe Women give their Hearts, till they do their Perſons. And as you think Generoſity, ſo I think Enjoyment the only infallible ſign of Love; and I can no more credit yours, while you deny your Perſon, than you would mine, ſhould I with-hold my money.

Flo. And the only way to have our hearts eſteem'd, is to refuſe you our Perſons. For ſhould I yield, Contempt will as certainly follow on your ſide, as Repentance on mine. The greateſt Bleſſings are diſeſteem'd by long Poſſeſſion; nothing makes us put ſo true a Value on them as misfortunes.

Alma. They render not Life a greater Torment, than Deſpair does Love; and no brave Man ſhould live Unhappy, nor wiſe One Love without Hopes. You have given me ſo much, that your Reputation will be in greater danger, by denying me, than granting. Come, 'tis too late to Capitulate for the Fort, after a Promiſe of Surrender—let us retire—Such things are ſo oft Practis'd in Court, 'twill be regardleſs.

Flo. Well—ſince you will have it ſo, I'll meet you an Hour hence——

Alma. The Old Reply, and I ſhall find the ſame Uſage, why not now?

Flo. Oh! Heav'n! my Father! I muſt begon e're he ſees me.

He's ignorant in Love, who hopes to find
That Gifts, which I have got, will make me kind;
'Tis thoſe which are to come, muſt bend my mind. [*Exit.*] } [*Aſide.*

Alma. Farewel, thou Mercenary, Jilting, Errant Woman; I never was ſo Fool'd by any in my life, ſhe has coſt me more Money and Pains than any of her Sex; and yet I believe ſhe has no more Vertue; for I never knew one who was a Jilt to many, but was a Whore to ſome body. Her continual Diſappointments have vex'd me, but I'm reſolv'd I'll have her; for ſhe ſhall not have it to boaſt, I courted her in vain.

The Nymph ſeems coy, in hopes to raiſe our Fire;
Too long delays do rather cool Deſire.
And we purſue, not out of Love, but Pride,
Scorning to have it ſaid, we were deny'd.

Enter Odoacre.

Odoa. So thoughtful, my Lord, you whoſe Perfections make you the Men's Envy, and the Women's Admiration. You ſhou'd leave melancholy Reflections to the Unfortunate, as I am.

Alma. Your Daughter's unkindneſs only has Power to diſcompoſe me.

Odoa. I do not find her averſe to Marriage, and I ſuppoſe you do not intend to diſgrace our Family by any other Deſign.

Alma. By no means: But——

Odoa. Nay, my Lord, there can be no Objection but her want of Fortune; 'tis true, our Family has prov'd more durable than our Eſtate; for Fate has maliciouſly encreas'd the one, and impair'd the other.

Alma. She has made you amends, by ſo beautiful a Daughter.

Odoa. Handſom Daughters ſeldom prove Bleſſings to their Parents. I am ſo us'd to Curſes, that I ſuſpect every thing. Fortune uſes me, as Rooks do their Cullies, if ever ſhe ſuffers me to be a ſeeming Winner, 'tis only by my credulity to make Ruin ſurer.

Alma.

Alma. Your Misfortunes are wholly owing to your Fancy, as 'tis to that I owe my Joys. Scarce any thing has truly in it self Pain or Pleasure, it only bears the Image our wild Fancy stamps upon it. At least, hope for better Fortune.

Odoa. I can no more hope for future Good, than fansie I now have any; neither the Expectation of what's to come, nor the Reflection on what's past, can please me. I'm weary of the Drudgery and dull Repetitions of Life. If e're to Morrow comes, to Morrow will tediously be consumed just as to Day; to Day will be as Yesterday, and Yesterday has been as Ages past. And were not you more oblig'd to your Youth and Wealth, than to your Fancy, you would think as I do. But since you have so vigorous a Fancy, you need not my Daughter, to compleat your Happiness.

Alma. The Hopes of having her mine, gives me Pleasure; but it cannot be compleat, till she is so.

Odoa. It must be then in the way I have mentioned. In short, my Lord, Marry her, or quit your Pretensions to her. And the next time you Visit, bring a Priest with you; or you shall find colder Treatment from your Mistress, and rougher from a suspicious Father, than possibly you expect: And so I leave you to reflect upon it. [*Exit.*

Alma. This would discourage any Man, who had such an aversion for a Wife, as I have; and did not know Woman so well as I do.

He thinks his Daughter, by his Care, secure;
I know, no Woman will Restraint endure:
To shun Confinement, they from Fathers flie;
And Cuckolds make themselves, by Jealousie.
That others they'll obey, why should I fear;
Since sure to do, what they themselves forswear. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE continues.

[*Enter* Almachild.]

Alma. WEll, I shall see most of my Mistresses here to day; they'll all come to this Entertainment. I am the most indifferent to *Angellina*, because that is a dull, Matrimonial Love; yet I must marry her, since she will be very rich, and her Fortune will enable me to debauch other Women. For *Cleanthe*, my Court Mistress, I think her pretty secure, notwithstanding her affected Coyness. But I must use dispatch with *Flora*, or that Old, Treacherous Father of hers will spoil my Design: If I could but meet her singly now, I have got that here will tempt her; [*Shewing a Jewel.* Ha! yonder she comes: Now Bribes and Dissimulation be my Friends.

[*Enter* Flora.]

Flo. Ah, my Lord! I know not how you entertain'd my Father, but he came home in a strange Humour; he says you only design to ruine me, and vows this shall be my last day of liberty.

Alma. Then let us use it with the best advantage. Gratifie me to day in my Pleasures, and to morrow I will you, with your Freedom. You shall not

owe

owe your Support to your Father; then why ſhould you be confin'd by him? For moſt Children obey their Parents, as Moſt Stateſmen do their Monarchs, only out of Intereſt.

Flo. Oh, I abhorr the very Name of Intereſt! I won'd no more pay Obedience, than I would give my Love, for ſo baſe a Reaſon.

Alma. Yield to my Embraces, I'll not ask the reaſon; and will neither ſuſpect your Love, nor ——

Flo. Nor value it; 'twill ſoon be contemned: therefore mention it no more, I will not ſo much as hear of it.

Alma. How, Madam!

Flo. I confeſs I made ſome return to your Love, while I thought you would have been my Husband; but ſince you deny that, I muſt all Favours.

Alma. Then I am not to hope for ——

Flo. Any thing but what I can lawfully grant. Oh, Heaven! that ever I ſhould hear an unlawful, diſhonourable Paſſion profeſſed to me.

Alma. Very fine: And you are reſolved to recall your Love, tho' you have confeſſed it; and will not yield, tho' you promis'd it.

Flo. I know not what I have ſaid; I made thoſe Promiſes inconſiderately, and therefore they are not binding.

Alma. 'Tis very well, Madam: Your Servant; I have no more to ſay. I ſhall quickly find out a Miſtreſs who will make me a more grateful Return to my Services; and who will gladly accept this Jewel, deſign'd for you.

Flo. How's this! Nay then I muſt alter my Carriage. [*Aſide.*
Not the Riches of the Earth ſhould procure a kind Look: were all the Jewels of the *Eaſt*, were an Empire proffer'd me, I could contemn them all. But alas! who can be inſenſible to your Love? You have won my Heart, and I fear will make me grant too much.

Alma. You cannot give too much to Love, to Trut h like mine.

Flo. I confeſs you have given me great Demonſtrations of them.

Alma. They are but Trifles, to what I deſign you after ——

Flo. Ay, but ſhou'd you forſake me after —— and ſhou'd expoſe me to Infamy and Want. We Women run mighty Hazards, when our Reputation muſt depend on our Lovers Diſcretion, and our Support, on his Generoſity.

Alma. I have not opportunity now to make a Settlement: however, this ſhall be yours, and but retire a moment into my Apartment here.

Flo. Nay, not for that neither. But why ſo haſty?

Alma. I fear we may be interrupted again; and there comes old *Avaro*, I would not have him ſee you here.

Flo. Nor I, for the World.
I have not promis'd that I will comply;
But to conceal my ſelf, I'll thither fly. [*She runs off.*

Alma. In vain you fly from me, in vain you hide;
I may be ſure to find, ſince Love's my Guide. [*He follows her.*

[*Enter* Avaro, Angellina, Cleſi.]

Ava. Well, Daughter, to pleaſe you, I have brought you to Court; and to ſecure you, I am come along with you: where you will meet a great many

 Admirers,

Admirers, and I a great many Debtors: But if they are no better Paymaſters of Love, than they are of Money, the Devil may have their Cuſtom for me.

Angel. Yet you'd have me marry a Courtier, who is ——

Ava. No Debtor. You ſhall not have one, who only makes the Court his Sanctuary; one who mortgages his Eſtate to every crediting Banker, and his Heart to every handſom Women.

Angel. Had *Almachild* as little Wealth, as he has Truth, you'd diſlike him as much as I.

Ava. If you get his Perſon and Eſtate in poſſeſſion, no matter for his Truth. But I know for whom you diſlike him. 'Tis true, were *Almachild*'s Dependance wholly on the Court, as *Deſiderio*'s is on the Army, I ſhould value neither: But you ſhall no more have one who lives by his Sword, than one who lives upon Court-Promiſes, nay, than one who lives by his Wits.

Angel. Marry a Coward!

Ava. He'll live the longer. A Pox o' thoſe fighting Madmen; there's ſome hopes of recovering one's Money from a peaceable, quiet, paſſive Man: But a Soldier, forſooth, runs into your Debt, and then into the Army; there gets an unlucky Blow, which chops off his Head, and cancels his Bonds; and has no way of getting out of our Books, but by getting out of the World.

Cle. Ay, Do, Father, make her marry *Almachild*, and then the leſs Portion will ſerve.

Ava. *Cleſi* ſays true, therefore diſpoſe your ſelf to it.

Angel. You will not force my Inclinations.

Ava. *Force my Inclinations.* Why there's it now: A pretty Excuſe for Diſobedience. Death! that we ſhould beget their Perſons, and cannot their Inclinations. Pray, from whence had you any Inclinations? I declare them illegitimate, and will your Perſon, if you obey not my Will.

Cle. Nay, if Money will not bribe her, ſhe's not your Daughter, and I diſown her to be my Siſter; and yet 'tis very advantageous to have a Handſom Siſter. See what it has got me this Morning: [*Shewing a Purſe.*
All this did *Almachild* give me, only to ſpeak in his behalf. I wonder when your Hero will make me ſuch a Preſent: Perhaps, after the next Battle, he'll ſend you a Load of ſhatter'd Legs and Arms, and broken Skulls; tho' one would think they were crackt before they went to fight, or elſe they wou'd ne'er be ſo mad to go.

Angel. He ſcorns as much to give, as take a Bribe; his Worth and Honour plead for him.

Cle. *His Worth and Honour!* Ha, ha, ha: Where do they lie? in his Sword, or in his ghaſtly Scars? Better he could prove his Honour by the depth of his Pocket, than by the depth of his Wounds. His Honour is more likely to ſend him handſomly out of the World, than maintain you ſo in it. And I'll juſtifie, that tho' there were a Standing Army, this Purſe has more Honour, and more Worth in it; and ſhall procure much more Reſpect, than all the Swords in the Army.

Ava. 'Tis a powerful Purſe indeed; let me ſee, and a very weighty one too. This is it that makes the Fool paſs for a Wit; the Ugly, handſom; Cowards, brave;

brave; this ſets Nation againſt Nation, and Family againſt Family; makes Friends treacherous, and Lovers falſe; makes Guardians betray their Charge, and Parents and Children rob each other. I will not rob thee, Boy; but ſince it is ſo dangerous a thing, I muſt ſecure you from its Effects, by keeping it my ſelf. [*Puts it in his Pocket.*

Cle. Why, what do you mean? why ſure you won't take it from me, will you? Was the Devil in me, to ſhew it him! [*Aſide.*

Ava. Take it: no, no; I'll only put it to Uſe for you, that's all.

Cle. Ay, but look you, Sir; if it makes Parents rob their Children, Adad, it may make Children quarrel with their Parents.

Ava. Why Sirrah, why you Villain, you Unnatural Rogue, what you won't Murder me, ha!

Cle. No, no, I am no Killing Man; but I wou'd not be cheated of my Money.

Ava. How cheated! What Sirrah, dare you call me Cheat? here's an Impudent Varlet. Hark ye, *Angellina*, now I think better of it, I do not care for forcing your Inclinations. Tho' *Deſiderio* has not ſo great an Eſtate as *Almachild*, yet he is in great Favour with the King, and has good Employments; and if I ſettle all my Fortune upon you, you may live pretty Comfortably.

Angel. I make a freer Confeſſion to you, than ever I have to him, by owning I ſhou'd think my ſelf happy in him, with your Conſent.

Cle. Hey brave! here's like to be fine doings. [*Aſide.*
Why ſure, Sir, you are not in earneſt, are you? tho' you are no Courtier, yet by coming here, I hope you will be influenced ſo far, as not to mind what you ſay. You will not be ſo ſingular as to keep your word at Court?

Ava. Keep it; yes, ſo firmly, that no Entreaties, no Perſuaſions, no Submiſſion ſhall ever alter it.

Angel. Heav'n continue him in that reſolution. [*Aſide.*

Ava. How much ſuch another Purſe may mollifie me, I can't tell.

Angel. So I find 'tis who bids moſt, will have me. Hard Fate of Children! to be not only cruelly debarr'd, perhaps a worthy Choice, but in Obedience forced to throw themſelves away on ſome inglorious Wretch. [*Aſide.*

Ava. Let me ſee, who are thoſe? a whole Cluſter of my Debtors: here I have their Names. [*Pulling out a long Roll.*
Why, what a numerous Catalogue of gawdy, empty things, have I got here! I'll accoſt them; what a Pox tho' a Man may not Arreſt, he may civilly Dunn in Court. D'ye hear *Cleſi*, do not leave your Siſter; and remember, I have hinted to you, how I may be pacified. [*Exit.*

Cle. Ay, ay, I am likely to obey you indeed, when you take my Money from me. What will you give me now, and I'll leave you to your own Management.

Angel. You may ſtay, if you pleaſe, I have no private Buſineſs.

Cle. No, I'll be gone however to look out *Almachild*, acquaint him with your being here, and get ſomewhat for my Intelligence. [*Exit.*

Enter Deſiderio.

Deſid. *Angellina* here and alone! I am almoſt as much ſurprized as pleas'd, to find you at Court.

Angel. 'Tis the Novelty of it, may do both.

Desid. Always indifferent. Whate're satisfaction I may receive by your Sight, I am not likely to have much from your Words.

Angel. Suppose you had, you'd hardly stop there; they wou'd encourage you to ask for something more, and I will never give such a Proof of Love, as Disobedience.

Desid. I fear you pay this great Obedience, not only out of Duty to a Father's Will, but out of dislike to me.

Angel. You have no reason to imagine that. But you cannot wonder if I am cautious in the disposal of my Heart; for when e're I give it, it shall be for ever. I can no more love twice, than die twice.

Desid. Be not cruel too; let Pity to the Torments I endure, let Gratitude to so sincere a Flame prevail.

Angel. Gratitude, whoever loves may plead the same; am I oblig'd to love, because I am belov'd? were that a Plea, you had put in yours too late.

Desid. I confess, I have no Right, no Merit to offer but my Truth.

Angel. That too is a general Pretence; how shall I distinguish it from Affectation.

Desid. I never cou'd dissemble. I cou'd no more affect, than I can conceal my Love. But if I can love with so much Zeal, when my Breast is fill'd with as much Despair, as yours is with Indifference; how shou'd I love, how doat, how be transported, wou'd you afford me some Return!

Angel. Then you wou'd triumph in my weakness; and scorn to keep your Conquest o'er my Heart, tho' you wou'd take Pride to win it.

Desid. The Pride of winning it, wou'd not be so great, as the Pleasure of preserving it, to a grateful, generous Mind.

Angel. All Arguments are as weak where we dislike, as our Defences are, where we love. I am unwilling to avow either; an Indifference to you, or a Regard for my self, silences me.

Desid. Either is Unkind, I dare not say Unjust: But since you do not declare a Hatred, may I not hope.

Angel. To bid you hope, were to declare I love; Yet something may be granted to so much seeming Truth. I do not bid you hope, nor wou'd you shou'd despair. But see the Court begins to fill. I am so much a Stranger, I shall want a Guide to the Presence Chamber.

Desid. May not I be honour'd with the Employment.

Angel. Since my Father has not stay'd to be my Guardian, I may be allow'd to chuse one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flora, Almachild *following her.*

Flo. Oh, I shall never have the Confidence to look my Friends in the Face again! you have ruin'd me, and all the World will see it in me.

Alma. Fear not; keep but your own Counsel, and you are safe; betray not your self by your Words, and none will discover it in your Face.

Flo. I can never appear Innocent there, while I have so much Guilt in my Breast.

Alma. You'll find no such great difficulty in dissembling.

Flo. I

Flo. I ſhall do it ſo awkerdly, ſo faintly, that the Cheat will be obvious to all.

Alma. Rather, have a Care of over acting; for Women render their Virtue ſuſpected, as Men do their Courage, when they pretend to it, too much.

Flo. No, 'tis you alone have Power to preſerve me from the Cenſure of the World, and diſtracting Thoughts.

Alma. Pho, Pow, ſhe begins to grow troubleſome now; how ſhall I get rid of her. [*Aſide.*

Flo. And will not Love prevail with you to do that for me, when it has made me grant ſo much?

Alma. What wou'd ſhe be at now? [*Aſide.*

Any thing, my Dear, to ſatisfie you.

Piſh! this is ſo nauſeous. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Then you may eaſily do that, only by marrying me.

Alma. O fye, my Dear! that you ſhou'd expect that after Poſſeſſion, when I refus'd it before.

Flo. But I am more ſenſible now, that it is neceſſary to preſerve my Reputation.

Alma. A Husband, indeed, is a pretty neceſſary Inſtrument to botch up a Reputation; and under that Diſguiſe, Women are allow'd to take many Liberties. But never let that Man be a Repairer of your Honor, who has rob'd you of it; you'll loſe a fond Lover, and only gain a jealous Husband.

Flo. But I muſt never expect one, if you refuſe it.

Alma. Yes, yes; there are Fools enough deſigned by Nature for that Employment. See, the Queen moves this Way to the Preſence-Chamber, there is one follows her, *Cleſi*, *Avaro*'s Son, who is as we cou'd wiſh; he's rich, and I have an Aſcendant over him; what think you of him?

Flo. Can he be acceptable to my Arms after you, or can I be to yours after him?

Alma. Ay, ay, we ſhall reliſh each other the better. Come retire awhile, and leave him to my Management.

Flo. You know you can perſwade me to any thing.

This is the Fate which over Women rules,
We yield to Men of Wit, then catch at Fools. [*Exit.*

Alma. If I can work him to it now, I think I ſhall behave my ſelf like a Man of Honor and Prudence, to provide a rich fooliſh Husband for a caſt Miſtreſs.

Enter Roſamund, *follow'd by* Cleanthe, Cleſi, *and Attendants.*

Roſa. Go tell the King, that I attend him here.
Why ſhould dull Cuſtom thus impoſe on us
Slaviſh, uneaſie Duty to a Man?
He has a Mind to revel, and rejoice —
That on this day he won ſome Victory;
That he has butcher'd Crowds of harmleſs Men;
Triumphs in Blood and Ruin, and I muſt join,
Muſt liſten to his Vanity and Boaſts,
Seem pleas'd and flatter him.

How

How the Court thickens! what Swarms of Gazers!
Are you, my Lord, too fond of Pageantry? [*Seeing* Almachild.
You who inhabit ſure come not to look;
Monarchs grow cheap, by being often ſeen.

Alma. Monarchs, for being ſo, we muſt admire;
But when they are adorn'd with ſuch a Form,
When ſo much Beauty's join'd to Majeſty,
We wou'd for ever gaze, and ſtill be pleas'd.

Roſa. Monarchs and Women are us'd to flatt'ry;
Nor can our Vanity diſtinguiſh Truth:
Nay, tho' we know we're flatter'd, we are pleas'd.

Alma. Your Crown not more exceeds a Peaſant's State,
Than your Triumphant Beauty the whole Sex.
The moſt admir'd She, when you're in View,
Like Pebbles plac'd by ſhining Diamonds ſeem.

Enter Alboino, *Guards, and Attendants.*

Alb. What means that ſecret Conference with Him!
By Heav'n ſhe ſmiles upon the worthleſs Wretch,
And now he bows, and ſeems to give her Thanks
That Starting and Confuſion fit thee now;
Well mayeſt thou bluſh to be ſo entertain'd. {*Going up to her.*
Haſt thou cull'd out the Man I moſt deſpiſe,
To grace him with thy Smiles, and private Talk?
But I diſdain to be diſturb'd by him;
Jealouſie wou'd but diſgrace my ſelf.
Shall I, whoſe Actions have exceeded Faith,
And by my Deeds am rank'd in Honor's Form
With *Alexander*, or the firſt *Cæſar?*
Shall I, who oft have triumph'd over Kings,
And been the Theme of Envy and of Praiſe?
Shall I, ſeem jealous of a reptile Slave?

Roſa. I ſtarted at your Frowns, not at my Words;
I muſt confeſs I'm pleas'd with his Diſcourſe,
You were the Subject, he was praiſing you,
Not Men; nay, not gods cou'd be more extoll'd.
What cou'd I elſe have liſt'ned too from Him?
What but your Praiſes cou'd oblige a Smile?

Alb. I want not Praiſes, my Fame's eſtabliſh'd.
But yet, if that were all, excuſe my Thoughts.
Now move we forward to our Room of State,
Where Wine and Muſick, Pleaſures ſhall create.
There we'll enjoy the ſoft Delights of Peace,
And all Domeſtick private Jars ſhall ceaſe.

[*Exeunt Omnes, Præter* Almachild & Cleſi.

Alma. *Cleſi*, A word; Have you perſuaded your Father to let your Siſter come here to day?

Cle. I

Cle. I have; and came to find you out, and acquaint you, ſhe is already here.

Alma. I am oblig'd to you, and you ſhall find me grateful.

Cle. Well, I am a faithful Sollicitor; I have ſaid more fine, moving things to her, on your account, than ever I could ſay to any Woman, for my ſelf; and the truth on't is, I believe, ſhou'd prevail ſooner for you, than for my ſelf.

Alma. That's only becauſe you think it not worth your while: Women are Trifles beneath your Conſideration.

Cle. Why that's true too; Ha, ha, ha! I do contemn them indeed: tho' if I could find one, who had Wit enough to value me as I deſerve, I ſhould not be ungrateful. But I hate to ſpeak witty things to a Fool. I reſerve my ſelf, till I meet with a Perſon of equal Endowments.

Alma. Then you ſhould be always ſilent.

Cle. And that is the reaſon the Women think me dull: Now I am a Perſon the fartheſt from that in the World; for how can any one be accounted dull, ho is always laughing and talking?

Alma. It may be they are angry, you intrench ſo much on their Privileges.

Cle. Ay, they are envious of me, without doubt, becauſe I ſay ſo many more witty things than they: And therefore let me break ne'er ſo many Jeſts, they do not ſo much as ſmile; nay, though I give them an Example they won't, and ſhew them when they ſhou'd, by laughing my ſelf, and treading on their toes, nay, if I repeat it fifty times, they ne'er mind it.

Alma. I perceive the Fool is acquainted with Women of Senſe. [*Aſide.*

Cle. So that ſince I cannot bridle my Native Heat ſo much, as to be altogether ſilent, I ſuit my Diſcourſe to their Capacities, and can now talk a whole day together, and yet not ſay one word to the purpoſe.

Alma. That's no great Conſtraint: [*Aſide.*
However, all Women are not inſenſible of your Merits. I know a Lady of moſt ſurpriſing Beauty, who as far excels Men in Wit, as her own Sex in Vertue; I have heard her ſay ſuch kind, ſuch tender things; with ſo much Paſſion, yet with ſo much Modeſty ——

Cle. What, of me? Ha!

Ala. I ought not divulge a Lady's Secrets: but — you are my Friend, and her, I honour; and it may be a kindneſs to both, to acquaint you with her Thoughts.

Cle. Ay, Come, Prithee do, out of pity to the Lady. Adad, I'm ſtrangely pleas'd at this.

Alma. She ſays you have ſo much Grandeur in your Countenance, one wou'd judge you born a Monarch; yet you have ſo much Sweetneſs there, and of ſo delicate a Complexion, you might be ſuſpected to be a diſguiſed Woman. S'Death, can he be ſuch a Fool to believe this? [*Aſide.*

Cle. I am amazed, I am tranſported, I am confounded, I am extaſy'd, I am, I am ——

Alma. That you are of an eaſie Shape; graceful and free in all your Motions; that — —

Cle. Hold, Hold; I cannot contain my Joy; I am convinced ſhe loves me; there can be no doubt of it; nay, I have been told ſuch things before now; but

but then it has always coſt me ſo much Money: Out of pure Gratitude, I have been forced to reward them ſo highly.

Alma. This is a Lady of Quality.

Cle. Lady of Quality. Adad all the difference between Ladies of Quality and other Women, is, that they ſet a greater Price upon their Favors; and by their Titles, often make falſe Jewels paſs for true ones. But who is this enamour'd Lady, for amongſt her other good Qualities, you have forgot the chief, is ſhe very wealthy? what is her Name?

Alma. I am oblig'd to name her now, to juſtifie her; it is the chaſt, the beauteous *Flora*, *Odoacre*'s Daughter.

Cle. Hum—*Odoacre*'s Daughter. I was afraid, indeed, it was one, who admir'd my Money, as well as my Perſon.

Alma. Oh! you wrong the Lady. I muſt confeſs, the World frowns a little on her Father; but his Fortune is not contemptible: and *Flora*, by her good management, has gather'd conſiderable Riches, and has Jewels ineſtimable (to my Coſt I'm ſure.) [*Aſide.*

Cle. Say you ſo; But how ſhall I be aſſured of this?

Alma. Dare you take my Word?

Cle. Ay, ay, your Word is ſufficient.

Alma. Then you have it, that ſhe is very Wealthy. I ſaw her paſs but this Way now, follow her and make your Addreſſes; ſhe cannot reſiſt one ſo accompliſht as your ſelf.

Cle. Nay, if it be ſo, I'll marry her inſtantly; and if I do once ſet about it, there is no Woman can reſiſt me, tho' I ſay it. Tho' may be I ſhall find it difficult to perſuade her to marry me at firſt ſight.

Alma. Try; I'll accompany and aſſiſt you. If ſhe ſeems coy, I'll own I have diſcover'd her Love.

Cle. Ah my dear Lord! how ſhall I be able to requite this Favour!
I, on her Wealth and Virtue may depend;
Since I'm aſſur'd of both by ſuch a Friend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

The SCENE *Draws. And ſhews* Alboino *and* Roſamund *ſeated.* Deſiderio, Almachild, Odoacre, Cleanthe, Angellina, *&c. Guards and Attendants.*

Alb. THus we poſſeſs in War, the Joys of Peace;
And ſcorn the vain Efforts of *Roman* Arms.
And while our Foes prepare for raſh Attempts,
In Pleaſure waſte your time, ſecure by me.

Roſa. We do not fear Succeſs where you command;
But yet when we reflect upon the Toils
Of War, and various Deaths all aim'd at you;
I tremble at your approaching Danger.

The

The Brave, no more than Cowards, are exempt from Death;
Elſe both your Life and Conqueſt were ſecure.

Alb. I ſcorn the utmoſt of my feeble Foes:
They dare not hope Succeſs, where I Command.
For if, when by Ambition urg'd alone,
I have ſurpaſs'd Belief, and the Reports
Of Fame; what mighty Wonders ſhall I act,
Both to preſerve a Crown, and her I love!

Roſa. I have a Soul which ſcorns Danger; 'tis not
For my ſelf I fear: Wou'd my Sex permit,
Fearleſs I wou'd into the Battel ruſh,
And ſhare your Hazards, Tho' I can't prevent.

Alb. Your Merit, *Roſamund*, ſhall wing Conqueſt:
I'll haſte to conquer, ſooner to return,
That I may place freſh Lawrels on my Brow,
And on your Head fix a more ſplendid Crown.
There's he who taught me firſt the Art of War. [*Enter* Aiſtolfus.
Where haſt thou been loit'ring, my old Friend,
While we were drinking to our Arms, Succeſs?
Come, Retrieve your loſt Time; Fill me a Bowl,
And give my General one, to pledge me.

Aiſt. I'm not good at this; 'tis out of my road:
I'm as awkward a Drinker, as Lover;
They both are Foes to Buſineſs, and to War:
But in Obedience ——— [*Drinks.*

Alb. I know it well, War is thy whole Delight:
But on a Day ſo memorably Great,
A Day of Triumph and of Joy, whereon
I fought, and won a Battel, Queen, and Crown,
We may exceed the ſtrict Bounds of Temp'rance,
And gives our ſelve a Looſe: Fill me agen;
Then let the Muſick that's prepar'd, begin. [*Drinks.*

[*And then Enter* Mars, *attended by Warriors.*]

Mars *Sings, Entring.*

I.

TO Arms, the God of War commands to Arms:
Hear how the lofty Noiſe of Battel charms!
Fearleſs, into the thickeſt Hazards run:
Death's to be ſought, where Glory's to be won.

II.

Who's he, has Courage to expreſs his Fear,
Or dare a Coward ſeem, when I appear:
While ſuch I fright to Danger's diſregard,
Honour's the Brave Man's Motive and Reward.

Chorus.

See how we appear at thy dread Voice,
Prepar'd to conquer, or to die:
In Victory we do rejoice,
Or pleas'd in Honour's Bed to lie.

I.

Mars. *Unmov'd, our Army bears the Foes Attack;*
See with what Vigour now, they force them back:
The Brave, like th' Innocent, no Danger dread;
Follow resolv'd, where Fame and Vertue lead.

II.

Timorous Wretches meanly do survive;
In Horrour, and in fear of Death, they live:
While the Bold Man freely resigns his Breath;
Undaunted dies, without the fear of Death.

Chorus.

Now, now we triumph o'er the Plain,
Joy, our Hearts so much distends:
We've not leisure to mourn the Slain,
The Living grow much dearer Friends.

[Enter a Troop of Virgins, one of them Singing.]

I.

Do not your Youth thus Misemploy;
Let me possess your vig'rous Prime:
For Youth alone can give me Joy;
You're fit for War, tho' old as Time.

II.

If Death you seek, then let me reign,
To be alone Votaries:
For he who Loves, thinks Life a Pain,
And with Excess of Pleasure dies.

[Enter *Bacchus* attended, &c. He Sings, Entring.]

No more of War, or whining Love;
I come, your Empires to remove:
To me, your boasted Palms resign,
To me, the mighty God of Wine.

[A Drinking SONG.]

I.

THE Toil of Life will soon be done;
Perhaps, before next Rising Sun:
Tho' it, by chance, should longer last,
It will with Sorrows be o'ercast:

Life

Life is uncertain, Ills are ſure,
They will come, ſhould that endure;
But Drinking, all our Griefs will cure.
Then let this Glaſs end all our fruitleſs Care;
We'll Drink, till there's no room left for Deſpair.

II.

It's not Time, that gives the Bleſſing,
But 'tis wiſely Time poſſeſſing;
Therefore nought paſt, ſhall torment us;
Whate're's to come, ſhall content us:
Nay, if the preſent Bliſs deſtroys,
Should we reflect on abſent Joys;
'Tis this alone our Thoughts employ.
We ſlight the Bottle, whilſt in Cælia's Arms;
But when we Drink, Cælia has then no Charms.

Alb. So, 'tis enough; Be gone, and leave us now.

Aiſt. I hate theſe low effeminating Sounds;
Such Muſick which ſoftens while it pleaſes:
I'd hear none but the lofty *Phrygian* Airs;
Timotheus alone ſhou'd play to me,
Who might Inſpire me, like *Alexander*,
With ſo much tranſporting Warmth and Courage
Cou'd force me, think,
Tho' o'er my Cups, I were at th' Army's Head,
And from the Table leap, to ſhake my Spear.

Alb. Twas Wine inſpir'd the Hero, not his Notes;
And we will try, how that will work on us.
Another Bowl —— Not that we want an Edge,
To go where Glory calls.

Deſid. He warms apace; [*To* Aiſtolphus.
Wou'd he cou'd be perſuaded to forbear.

Roſa. I can be no Aſſiſtant to this Sport:
I'll retire.

Alb. Stay; I will have none depart.
What, do's my Mirth prove tedious to you?
Thanks to the Wine, it has refreſh'd my Thoughts;
Awaken'd Jealouſie, that ſeem'd to ſleep:
It may be, ſhe'd retire, to talk to him.
S'Death! how that Thought has ſtung me to the quick! } *Apart.*
But I will firſt diſcover that, which ſhall
As much diſquiet her.
Wait a moment,
I'll bring a Bowl ſhall tempt you too to drink. [*Exit.*

Aiſt. I have not known him ſo much mov'd with Wine.
By Nature he's too fierce; and heated thus,
I dread ſome Inconvenience may attend.

 [*Re-Enter*

[*Re-Enter* Alboino, *with a Goblet in his Hand.*]

Alb. I prize this Goblet far above my Crown;
'Tis the Trophy of my nobleſt Conqueſt.
Dangers and Death I ſeem'd to court, yet ſcorn'd
And triumph'd over both, to purchaſe this:
And when my ambitious Aim I'd won,
Victory and Empire attended it.

Roſa. Some Magick Cup, which you may well admire,
Since it portended ſo much good to you.
For me, I have an averſion for it;
If I but look on it, I faint away,
Tho' I'm not able to aſcribe the Cauſe.

Alb. There's Myſtery in my Diſcourſe: Some Wine;
Pledge me, then I will unfold the Riddle.
Come *Roſamund*, Here's to the Memory
Of that Bloody Day whereon I won this.

Deſid. What can the meaning of this be? [*Aſide.*

Roſa. I wou'd be excus'd —— But ſince 'tis your Will ——
An unuſual Horror ſeizes on my Mind;
My Blood runs cold, and ſtagnates in my Veins.
I tremble too, as if I ſaw a Ghoſt.
If I muſt drink, give me ſome other Bowl.

Alb. Nay, drink out of that.

Roſa. You muſt be obey'd. [*While ſhe drinks, he ſpeaks*

Alb. For 'tis but fit, that on a Day of Mirth,
So happy, memorably great as this,
That you ſhou'd drink one Cup with your Father.

Roſa. With my *Father!* I underſtand you not.

Alb. I'll explain my meaning to you. Know then,
That on this very Day, which now I celebrate,
Your Father fought a Battel, and with it
Loſt his Life.

Roſa. Diſmal Day! I know, indeed,
My Father fell in Battel; but by whom
He loſt his Life, I never yet could learn:
The Day too was conceal'd when he was ſlain;
I judg'd ſome nobler Cauſe, why this was kept.

Aiſt. Now, on my aged, faithful Knees, I beg
You wou'd not own by whom her Father fell;
But rather lay the fault on me, or him;
Say any other did it, but your ſelf. } *Apart to Alboino.*

Alb. What, wouldſt thou deprive me of my Glory?
By Heav'n, I'll own and boaſt a Deed ſo great.
Away; Diſturb me not.

Aiſt. I've ſeen the Day,
When your Renown, your Empire, and your Life,

Have

Have in one dreadful Battel all been ſtak'd,
All had been forfeited by one falſe Step;
Then I have been liſtned too.
Alb. To the Camp,
Retire; There Preach where Senſe is drown'd by Noiſe.
An honeſt Man ſhou'd never do an Act
He is aſham'd to own.
Had I been of that bold Gigantick Race,
Who durſt aſpire to ſtorm even Heaven,
Tho' Lightning blaz'd, and Thunder roar'd around
My Head; I'd own the brave, tho' raſh Attempt.
Roſa. Lives he yet, who rob'd me of my Father!
Alb. The Sun had ſcarcely Crimſon'd o'er the Morn,
When the two eager Armies in the Field
Appear'd; One was by your Father headed,
The other was by me.
Rais'd by my Merit to ſo great Command;
Not by a lucky accidental Birth,
Or by blind Fortune's Power. Each quickly ſaw
Succeſs depended on the other's Death.
Like Lions fighting for their Prey, we met;
Each Army paus'd to ſee our mightier Blows;
Long he reſiſted my impetuous Force:
Till ſummoning my whole Pow'r in one ſtroke,
I ſent his Body headleſs to the Earth.
Roſa. What was't from you my Father had his Death?
And do you own the cruel, bloody Deed?
Alb. Own it; I boaſt it; I've not yet own'd half.
Shall I diſown what purchas'd me a Crown?
His Crown and you, were by the Conqueſt mine.
And that an Act ſo fortunately great,
Might never wither in my Memory,
I ſtraight alight, and ſeiz'd upon his Head,
And of his Skull I made that Drinking Cup.
Roſa. Oh Horror!
Oh Barbarian! Unnatural Tyrant!
What, of my Father's Skull to make a Cup
To aſſiſt your beaſtly, drunken Frolicks.
Give me the Sacred, the Prophan'd Relict,
Let me adore the dear, much wrong'd Remains;
Let me weep in't, till t'deluge with my Tears,
Till it be purg'd from ſuch vile Pollution.
Alb. Take her away, This ſuits not with our Mirth.
Roſa. I'll take my ſelf for ever from your ſight,
Rather than you, I wou'd a Tyger meet,

Rob'd

Rob'd of her Young, or hunting for her Prey:
Thy barb'rous Temper cancels all my Love,
And fills me with a nobler flame, Revenge.
Come then the haggard Furies, ſtart from Hell,
Lodge all your Venom in my Breaſt, here dwell;
With Spite and Rage diſtend my ſwelling Heart,
Thro' ev'ry Vein your ſnaky Treſſes dart.
Stateſmen diſgrac'd, and tender Maids betray'd,
All Womankind, I ſummon to my Aid.
If all too weak; urg'd by my ſelf, ſuch things I'll do;
That for Revenge, to me, the injur'd World ſhall ſue. [*Exit.*

Alb. Revenge, but ill becomes a Woman's Mouth;
Revenge, tho' 'tis Heaven's chief attribute
In Mortals is a Vice;
But 'tis a noble one; 'tis boldly to retort
An Injury, and can they dare to do
An Ill, who have not Courage to do well?
Who threats, but feebly do's intend an Harm,
His Enemies do's with Precaution arm.
While vainly, Ill to us, our Foes intend,
In Sports as we've begun the Day, we'll end.
[*Exeunt Omnes.* *Prater* Odoacre.

Odoa. This is, as I cou'd wiſh; I'm never pleas'd,
But when the World's diſcontented, like me;
The Queen's diſſatisfied, and vows Revenge;
A Powerful Army is at our Gates;
May not ſome Miſchief be collected hence?
I've turn'd with ev'ry Change of Government,
Not out of Love to another, but Hate to the preſent;
But never yet cou'd meet deſtin'd Reward;
And till I do, I'll ſtill turn, and Plot on.
Here comes the Queen, and ſeems as much diſturb'd
As I cou'd wiſh; I'll make bold to obſerve.
Enter Roſamund.

Roſa. Revenge I vow'd, and I will keep my Vow:
But the means; can Woman's malicious Wit
Be at a Loſs, to give Deſtruction?
I muſt have help, yet know not whom to truſt,
The ſurly old Gen'ral ne'er was my Friend,
Deſiderio's his, and both love the King,
They're brave and honeſt, not for my Purpoſe;
Odoacre wears Villain in his Face,
And ſuch, are ſeldom honeſt in their Hearts;
Treachery ſhall be his Buſineſs.
Officious Hell has ſent him to my Mind.

Odoacre

Odoacre come near; I've long obſerv'd
Your Diſcontent; your Looks, your Speech, your Gate,
Do all betray ſome inward weight of Grief.
It ought to be a Monarch's greateſt Care
To relieve, and to redreſs;
Impart your Griefs to me, and you will find
Speedier Relief than from *Alboino*.

Odoa. My whole Life has been conſum'd in Sorrows;
But now my Face bears double Marks of Grief:
Th' Injury has been offer'd you this day,
Sits heavier on me, than my private Ills.

Roſa. Is't poſſible, art thou ſo much my Friend?

Odoa. I know, he meant it to diſquiet you,
Why ſhou'd he elſe expoſe the barb'rous Deed?
Nor can you more reſent your Father's Wrongs,
Than I do yours.
Th' Affront which warm'd but you, ſet me on Fire.

Roſa. Then ſure you'd Join in my deſign'd Revenge.

Odoa. Join! my Head to counſel, my Hands to act;
Not Thunder flies more ſwiftly from *Jove*'s Arm,
Than I, to execute what you command.
Name your Deſign, think it already done.

Roſa. I dare believe you true, and will reward
Your Services, beyond Ambition's Hope.
But as thou'ſt edg'd my Rage, tell me, how
Shall we proceed to make his Ruin ſure?
'Tis hard, for by the Army he's ador'd?

Odoa. I know it; the deſperate thoughtleſs Madmen
Love him, 'cauſe he leads them into Danger.
Howe're 'tis an eaſie Task, by one Blow
To end his Pride, and his Ambitious Thoughts.
And to ſecure the Deed, let the *Romans*
Who lie encamp'd, near the *Ravenna* Gate,
Be privately admitted in the Night.

Roſa. Thou ſpeak'ſt my Thoughts, but who is't I dare truſt
With ſuch a Secret, but your faithful ſelf.
Send to invite 'em ſtrait, and be't your Care
To betray the Gate to 'em this very Night:
In the mean time, I'll Plot the Tyrant's Death.

Odoa. I go to execute what you command;
Secure,
That our Deſigns not only will ſucceed,
But you'll remember who adviſ'd the Deed. [*Exit.*

Roſa. So, here's one noble Mischief well contriv'd.
And now, Murder muſt next employ my Thoughts,

For

For nothing leſs will ſatiate my Revenge.
More Company!
'Tis ſtrange I have not time to think on Ill.
I muſt liſten too; how conſcious is Guilt?
How curious am I, ſince my deſign'd Plot?
If I but ſee two whiſper, 'tis of me
I think they talk. [*She retires.*

Enter Almachild *and* Cleanthe.

Alma. Your disbelief of my Paſſion, my *Cleanthe*, afflicts me as much, a your Refuſal to gratifie it. It argues a meaner Opinion of me. Have I declar'd my Love ſo long, and vow'd its Truth ſo often, yet without making any impreſſion on your Mind, or gaining any Credit?

Cle. You are but too ſenſible you have done both. And I fear this is your univerſal way of Entertainment; you think you cannot be complaiſant, without making Love.

Alma. I have rally'd ſometimes, fool'd away an Hour; but never lov'd before. 'Tis not a greater Wrong to my Love, than to your own Beauty, to ſuſpect me; let that confirm the truth of what I ſay. Every Part, every Motion charms and ſurprizes; there's not a Feature in that Angellick Face, but would adorn Deformity, and render it agreeable.

Cle. I muſt confeſs, I ſhou'd be pleas'd you had ſuch Thoughts; but why do you take ſuch Pains to perſuade me to be ſo opinionated of my ſelf?

Alma. Becauſe you will then the more readily credit my Love? for how can you know, you poſſeſs ſo much Beauty, and believe me inſenſible?

Cle. Injuſtly you tax me with Indifference, you know I am not ſo; but you are obſtinately Blind, and will not ſee my Love, till I have given too much.

Alma. Did you love, your ſelf wou'd think you cannot give too much; nor do they love, who think they love enough. I long have thought my Paſſion was ſo great, it cou'd admit of no Encreaſe; but each ſucceeding Minute heightens ſo much my Flame, I think I did not love before; and can you refuſe Love ſo great, ever Young and always Growing.

Cle. I ſhou'd not ſtay to liſten to your Arguments.
Who hears her Lover, is more than half won,
Let me be gone, before I'm quite undone.

Alma. Not till you have promis'd to meet me in my Appartment here, an hour hence. Come the Back-way, 'tis moſt private.

Cle. You appoint Time and Place, as if I had already promis'd.

Alma. Your Looks diſcover your Conſent.

Cle. What, meet you in the Dark——I muſt not, dare not——

Alma. It ſhall be Dark too, my Life; I will not ſee your Bluſhes.

Cle. I ſhall diſappoint you.———

Alma. You

Alm. You will not ſure——

Cler. Indeed I fear I ſhall not——but be gon now, for Sir the Queen if ſhe has overheard me I am undone. [*Exit* Almachild.

Re-enter Roſamund.

Roſa. Yes I have heard your diſhonourable intent, how didſt thou dare to entertain ſuch thoughts, and yet atttend my Perſon?

Cler. I only ſeem'd to yield, to get free of his importunity I did not deſign it.

Roſa. 'Tis falſe, your Eyes did then declare you ſpoke a Truth,
And now a lye. Be gone, out of my ſight——yet ſtay I'll
Secure you firſt and ſpoil your Aſſignation.
A ſuddain, huddle, indigeſted thought
Rowls in my Brain——'tis the ſafeſt Method——
But is't not baſe and wicked——no matter,
I'll ſtop at nothing that is baſe or ill,
So I the hated Tyrants Blood may ſpill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Almachild *and* Roſamund *vailed.*

Alm. NAy this is unkind my Dr. *Cleanthe*,
Why is that beauteous face hid now, why vailed?
Thou haſt deprived me of half my pleaſure,
By covering the face I ſo admire,
That face to which I am ſo much oblig'd.

Roſa. Y'are more oblig'd to me, than you conceive;
More than to *Cleanthe*, for 'tis not ſhe,
You'll ſcarce believe who 'tis, when you have ſeen. [*Unvails herſelf.*

Alm. The Queen! incredible indeed! 'tis well
I knew not, that from you I had the joy;
The mighty pleaſure ſure wou'd then have kill'd.
Oh! let me throw my ſelf beneath your Feet,
Let me adore ſuch Love! that has prevail'd
With you, to yield thus freely to my Arms.

Roſa. Love, no I ſcorn the fooliſh, childiſh Flame.
Know, 'twas a nobler cauſe prevail'd on me.

Alm. Not Love!

Roſa. You've heard *Alboino* boaſt to day,
'Twas by his ſalvage hands my Father fell;
And by his barb'rous Temper urg'd

Made of his ſacred Skull a drinking Cup.
For this I wou'd Revenge, and thus far I've proceeded.
Alm. 'Tis a pretty ſtep towards it truly, can ſhe go any farther?
(*aſide.*)
I have happineſs beyond addition
To have aſſiſted you in this Revenge.
If you propoſe ſome other, I'd be proud to ſerve.
Roſa. Thou ſhall't.
For I've reſolv d the haughty Tyrants Death.
And tis by you, that he muſt loſe his Life.
Alm. By me! what, kill the King! I dare not do't.
Roſa. Haſt not Courage to murder in the dark?
A Coward Villains fitteſt to murder.
But if thy fear delays my juſt Revenge
One ſhort moment, I'll ſtrait to *Alboino*,
And with my deepeſt diſſimulation
I'll weep, I'll vow thou forc d me to thy luſt.
Think how his boundleſs Rage will uſe thee then,
A Death ſo lingring, painful he'll inflict,
The Torments of the damn'd will come far ſhort of thine.
Alm. Hold Madam, allow me a Moments thought.
Roſa. But if thou dar'ſt perform, what I command,
Rewards, great as his punniſhments, are thine.
Think when thou ſtrik'ſt the Tyrant to the Heart
The lucky blow gives thee his Crown and Queen.
Alma. Now you've named the moſt prevailing motive,
Unmov'd thus *Paris* heard the Rival Goddeſſes
But when the Queen of Love proffer'd herſelf
She quickly won the Hero to her ſide:
Roſa. Loſe no time then, 'tis now the dead of night,
The prop'reſt Seaſon to commit ſuch deeds.
The Town will to the *Romans* be betray'd,
But *Alboino* muſt be diſpatch'd before,
See where his ill ſtars ſend him to his Death,
Undreſs'd, unarm d; bleſs'd opportunity!
I leave you to the Execution.
You'll ſure ſtrike home, ſince you already know
The great rewards that will attend the Blow. [*Exit* Roſamund.

Enter Alboino.

Alb. Yeſterday's Ryot ſits heavy on me;
My Fancy, Spirits are ſo much oppreſt.
By the dregs of Wine, I cannot freely think.
Alm. Now is my time, while his back is to me——but
Then 'tis too ſure a way, I muſt by one ſtroke ſecure his death. (*apart.*
Alb. Buſineſs and action muſt employ this day.
The *Romans* ſhall repent their daring ſoon;

And

And where they hop'd ſubmiſſion, find their Death.
I'll ſtrait give orders that my Army moves,
And at the approaching of day, I'll fight them.
Alma. Firſt let me warn you of impending Ills.
Before you do a Foreign foe attack,
From a domeſtick one ſecure your ſelf,
A black Conſpiracy againſt you's form'd;
By diſcontented Slaves, and ſeeming Friends.
Alb. Lives there the Wretch who dares attempt my Life?
Who can complain of Wrong, ſince I was King?
Some Men may tax me with ſeverity;
But 'tis the heigth of Juſtice to reward
Virtue, and rigorouſly puniſh Crimes.
None wiſh my Death, who wou'd be ſafe themſelves.
Alma. Were your whole Court compos'd of honeſt Men,
Wou'd Heaven grant their Prayers alone, you'd be
Immortal, and wou'd reign ſecure as *Jove.*
But ev'n Heav'n has not been free from Vice;
Pride and Ambition boldly enter'd there,
And even there conſpiracies were hatch'd.
Jove hurl'd from thence thoſe Vices to the Earth,
But ſtill permitted ſuch to ſwarm in Courts.
Alb. This from thee! this ſpeaks thee brave and honeſt.
Thy Character was miſrepreſented;
Thou haſt been wrong'd, and I impos'd upon.
But Monarchs are the laſt who hear the Truth:
If thou are half ſo honeſt, as thou ſeemſt,
Relate this black deſign againſt my Life.
Alma. Were I leſs honeſt ſilence were more ſafe;
Mine is a dangerous piece of Loyalty,
Who raſhly againſt Favourites informs,
Gains with his Prince unwilling ſlow belief,
Where he expects Rewards, meets with Contempt,
And by their greater intereſt, is cruſh'd.
Alb. Doubt not ſevereſt Juſtice on my Foes;
I'll puniſh them, and thee I will reward.
Let this Embolden thee to utter Truth,
Be thus near me ever. [*Embraces him.*
Alma. Then I impart
The ſecret thus. (*ſtabs him.*)
Alb. Oh treacherous Villain!
Oh barbarous, inhumane, bloody Slave!
That I cou'd reach thee, with my dying gaſps,
I'd force thee with me to my Grave.
Alm. Now I can ſafely hear thee threat and rail,
And that the thoughts may give the paineful Death,

Kow that I pass'd last night with *Rosamund.*
To murder thee was the reward she ask'd,
And by this deed, she and thy Crown are mine:
Dye with that Thought: I'd stay to plague thee more,
But I must haste away to seize on both. *Exit.*

Alb. 'Tis a tormenting, dismal thought indeed.
Which racks me worse, than even the Pangs of Death,
Woman! Woman! how endless are thy ills!
They know not when to leave, when they have once
Begun, but boundless in all their Passions.
Was't not enough to wrong the Marriage Bed,
But must my death compleat thy Crimes.
Shall my Crown, the Crown which I have purchas'd
At the expence of so much Toyl and Blood,
Be the Reward of Murderers and Whores?
Ebb faster out ye dull remains of Life,
That death may free me from such tortering thoughts.

Enter Aistolfus, Desiderio.

Aist. Can it be certain that the Towns betray'd,
Can there be a Villain so besotted,
So blindly led by Passion or disgust,
Who wou'd betray his Country and his King
To Foreign Power to gratify himself?

Desid. What urged the Traytors to an act so vile
I know not; but one of my Officers
Who was posted at the *Ravenna* Gate,
Came to inform me of the Treason, and by
His Wounds confirm'd the Truth of his Report.
Let's lose no time then, but haste to the King:
Try if his presence can reedeem the Town.

Aist. Ha! is not that the King, stretcht on the Ground?
What can that sad dejected posture mean?

Alb. Shall I thus tamely, thus poorly perish,
And is there none, who will revenge this Murder?

Aist. What! murder'd! Ha! Oh curs'd nefarious deed!
[*both Running up to him.*

Desid. Murder'd! nay then our Ruin is compleat.
But what is Life or Power when you are gone!

Alb. Surely ye two are honest, and my Friends,
And for numberless Villains may attone.
Else Heav'n may blush at Monsters it has form'd,
Disown creative Power, and lay the work on Chance.

Aist. The infernal God of Malice and Revenge
Contriv'd this horrid Act, and watch'd his Time
To rob us of you, when your unhappy,
Your betray'd Kingdom did most require.

For

For tho no ills like this, this is not all;
The *Romans* have by treachery got the Town,
Already they are maſters of the Gates,
And now pour in unreſiſted Forces.
Alb. Oh for a moments ſtrength! that my weak Limbs
Cou'd bear me, only to my Armys Head!
That like a King and Soldier I might fall;
And ſome brave Foe might glory in my Death.
But I ſink, and have only ſtrength to wiſh.
Aiſt. Oh tell us firſt, e're you leave us ever,
Who was the Wretch, who impiouſly durſt ſtrike
The Man who repreſents his God on Earth,
But who wou'd kill his King, diſowns the Gods.
Alb. My Wound gapes wider with the racking Thought,
And my blood faſter guſhes out, that I
Who have ſo oft brav'd Death, bred in Battles,
Inur'd to dangers, and have ſtill o'recome;
Shou'd by a Cowards ſtroke thus meanly fall.
For *Almachild* by *Roſamunda* urg'd,
Brib'd with the enjoyment of the Proſtitute,
Seem'd my Friend to be the blacker Villain;
And while I took the Viper in my arms,
He baſely plung'd his Dagger in my breaſt.
I wou'd not live ſo long to think this or'e,
Farewell —— Revenge my Death, and wear my Crown. [*Dies.*
Aiſt. Ah! what's thy Crown now its ſupport is loſt
Or what thy Kingdom ſince its Soul is gone?
Tis now an headleſs, dull, unactive Lump.
But to revenge is nobler than bewail;
'Twas thy Command, and thou ſhall't be obey'd.
Or may I have the Plagues of Regicides,
To live deſpairing and dye preſumptuous.
Deſid. Monſters! 'tis they then have betray'd the Town.
Oh fatal proof of Anger and Revenge!
Paſſion works ſtrongeſt ſtill in weakeſt minds.
What's to be done to ſatiate ~~our~~ Revenge?
The Queen has many Friends,
Gain'd by affected low humility;
For proudeſt Minds are the moſt abject too.
And backt by *Rome*, ſhe may maintain a War
Which will protract, perhaps evade our juſt intent.
Aiſt. We'll try t' effect it then by other means. (*Trumpets are heard.*
Hark they come triumphant in their baſeneſs.
Longinus has a noble generous Soul,
Which muſt abhor this black, tho gainful deed,
By honourable peaceful Terms I'll work my end,

For

For force ſhould always be attempted laſt.
And if I can revenge my Maſters Death,
'Twill pleaſe me more than to poſſeſs his Crown.
But let us have his body firſt remov'd
Dead Kings ſhould not be ſeen by vulgar Eyes,
For Monarchs we ought never to deſpiſe.
But the dull Rabble ignorant, and bold,
Think him no King, who was born of common Mold.

[*Exeunt, the Guards bearing off* Alboino.

Trumpets. *Enter* Longinus, Roſamund, Almachild, Odoacre, *Guards.*

Roſa. When I contriv'd barbarous *Alboino's* Death,
'Twas not Revenge alone that mov'd me to't.
I knew the World of right belong'd to *Rome.*
Juſtice prevail'd with me to kill the King,
And lay my Crown at brave *Longinus* Feet.

Long. The generous Gift does more ſecure your Crown,
Then vain *Alboino's* beſt Reſiſtance cou'd.
Tho by our Arms, it had been forc'd from him,
Your conqu'ring eyes had won his Kingdom back;
For Heav'n deſign'd you Miſtreſs of the Earth,
And made you Queen of beauty, and the World.
Such wond'rous beauty gilds o're all her faults.
None can ſee that and yet reflect on them. (*aſide.*)

Roſa. But by me alone the War's not ended,
He too deſerves a ſhare in the applauſe. (*pointing to* Alma.
Who boldly from a Tyrant ſet me free,
And *Rome* from an inveterate Enemy.
Nor cou'd I leſs, than beſtow my Perſon,
As ſome Reward for ſervices ſo great.

Long. 'Tis a reward as far above deſert,
As your Heavenly Form's above deſcription.
No Tongue can give to that ſufficient Praiſe,
No Service can preſume to merit you.
'Tis reward ſo vaſt, that ſhou'd *Juſtinus*
Lay the whole *Roman* Empire at his Feet,
He might contemn the mean, the worthleſs Gift.

Alma. Words have not Force to ſay how well I love,
And Gratitude's as hard to be expreſt,
My future Acts will beſt diſcover both.
But their remains ſome yet to be diſpatch'd,
To make us more ſecurely bleſt and great,
Old *Aiſtolfus* and *Deſiderio.*

Roſa. He counſels well, my Lord; were they remov'd,
Their Army then would moulder and diſperſe.

Long. They both are worthy and experienc'd men;

'Twere

'Twere well that we cou'd win them to our ſide.
Howe're they may be ſtill within the Town.
Let us then haſte and iſſue orders out
To have each Gate ſecur'd, and ſtop their flight.

Exeunt omnes præter Odoacre.

Odoa. And is my hop'd Reward then come to this?
Am I thus ſlighted, after what I've done?
No thanks paid, no notice taken of me.
Death and Hell! have I betray'd my Country,
Loſt my Honour, and Peace of Mind for this?
Got nothing but a diſtracted Conſcience?
And ſtript of all my hopes by *Almachild*,
Becauſe he has acted a greater ill.
Int'reſt made me plot before, now Revenge:
I'll either work his Ruin or my own.
And by *Longinus* am'rous looks, I gueſs
And Praiſes of *Roſamunda*'s Beauty,
He'll joyn with me in my deſign.
Soft Love will urge as far, as fierce Revenge.

As he is going out, Enter Flora.

My Daughter here! *Flora*, what buſineſs brings you to Court?

Flo. I came to find you out, and on my Knees to ask you forgiveneſs.

Odoa. You cou'd not have taken a worſe time; I was
Meditating on Revenge, and am but in an ill humour
To forgive. But what is your offence?

Flo. Tho you might have conſented, had I acquainted
You with it; yet concealment is a Crime.

Odoa. Well, what is it?

Flo. For nothing can excuſe my diſpoſal of my ſelf without
Your knowledge.

Odoa. Diſpoſal! what is't you mean, I ſay?

Flo. I am privately marry'd.

Odoa. Marry'd! promis'd I ſuppoſe you mean. For
Almachild is otherwiſe engag'd.

Flo. 'Tis not to him, tho 'twas by his advice I marry'd
Cleſi, *Alvaro*'s Son.

Odoa. Ay his advice! why ſhou'd he adviſe her? — he has
Enjoy'd her firſt himſelf, then thrown her on that
Fool. I'll know the bottom. *aſide.*
Baſe and unworthy! you ask forgiveneſs, not that you repent your
Crimes; an unfeign'd ſorrow wou'd acknowledge all; but you
Confeſs a fault, you know you can't conceal.

Flo. Acknowledge all! I won't invent to try your Goodneſs,
'Tis well if I am pardon'd this.

Odoa. To try your Hypocriſie, I have thus long pretended
Ignorance; but I can bear no more, and your denyal

Will

Will be vain, after *Almachild* has openly told all.

Flo Told it! oh ungrateful, perfidious Man! What Has he told!

Odoa So, now 'tis plain, but I'll smother my resentment of her baseness, to be the surer reveng'd on him, and now I have a double cause. (*aside.*)
Yes he tells it publickly, and triumphs in your undoing, and in dishonouring my Family.

Flo. What! already declare my weakness, has he taken so much Pains, been at so great expense of Time and Wealth only for the pleasure of talking? can Men delight so much in publishing their Vices and Women's Follies? but I have not more reason to be enrag'd against him, than you against me. What must I do to pacify you, and be reveng'd on him?

Odoa. Cou'd I undo him with the Queen, 'twere noble mischief, I have it, make her jealous——right——that can't fail. (*aside.*)
You cannot appease me, nor demonstrate your repentance but by punishing him.

Flo. Instruct me how; I'll hasten with a more eager joy, than I did first to his Embraces.

Odoa. Being a Man of great quality and wealth, he has been allowed an apartment in Court, I think that door leads to it; I suppose you are well acquainted with it; contrive to get admittance there, and be ready to answer when I call; leave the rest to my management.

Flo. I have still the fatal Key he gave me, which opens a private back-door.

Odoa. That's lucky; convey yourself into it; I'll acquaint you farther with my design as we walk.
Successful Ruin will attend my Plot,
Since I've the assistance of a Woman got. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. *Scene continues.*

Enter Longinus, Aistolfus, Desiderio.

Aist. Hmd we to your Army design'd to fly,
We have convinc'd you how secure 'twou'd be.
But we intend not to prolong the War,
Let *Alboine*'s Murderers be punish'd,
And of his Crown dispose as you think fit.

Desid. Our zealous duty to our dead Master,

Is

Is not more concern'd in't, than your Glory.
To protect such Wretches, approves their Crimes;
Think how they'll be abhorr'd by honest men;
How black they'll seem to all posterity;
And wou'd you with such Miscreants be rank'd?
Long. I'm not byass'd by the gainful Treason,
Nor so much blinded by *Rosamund*'s Face;
As to approve or justifie the Deed.
But since they've thrown themselves on me for aid,
It were meanly done, shou'd I desert them.
Aist. Heaven winks at Crimes for reasons it best knows.
And by a long forbearance oft seems pleas'd,
Nor with injustice must we tax the Gods
Tho Vice thrives, and Virtue is afflicted,
Unsearchable, yet just, are their Decrees.
But Man is judg'd by outward, present acts,
Our Fame is irrecoverably lost,
Shou'd we seem vitious, for a real Good;
W' are branded with Hypocrisie at least.
Long. Then let the Guilt be wholly *Almachild*'s,
Let him be punish'd, and excuse the Queen.
Perhaps to remove th' Odium from her self,
I may prevail with her, to give Consent,
Desid. Impartial Justice will pardon neither,
Shall he suffer for the Murder only,
And shall she escape who urg'd him to't?
There can be no sufficient Tortures found
To rack the impious, sacrilegious slave
Who durst imbrue his Hands in Royal blood.
But she had a double Tye of Duty,
And sacred each, her Husband, and her King.
Aist. And one she ow'd her Life and Freedom to,
When he had conquer'd by a lawful War
Her Fathers Kingdom, he shar'd it with her,
And from a Captive rais'd her to a Crown.
Long. That matchless beauty, which mov'd *Alboino*,
Now strongly pleads in her behalf with me.
Who ever looks on her must be her slave.
'Twere arrogance in me to censure her;
Whate're she does I cannot think a fault,
The Property of Vice by her is chang'd;
She stamps a beauteous form on all her acts,
And makes destructive Mischief pleasing seem.
Aist. So Men
Do fatally in Calentures mistake,
And for firm Ground the liquid Waters take.

Or tho she's varnish'd o're with what men Beauty call,
Yet look within you'll find her black as Hell.
No Syrens voice has more enticing Charms,
Nor gives more certain Ruin than her Face.

Long. Be not so violent in your Revenge,
Let *Almachild* first fall your Sacrifice.
Have Charity for her, as she's Woman,
And give her leisure to repent her faults.

Aist. 'Twere rather Charity in killing her,
Let her not live to taste such Misery,
T' endure the Tortures of such fierce Despair,
As must gnaw her Soul, when she sees her Crimes.

Long. Reason and Justice strengthen all you say.
I'll strive to conquer this impetuous God,
That wou'd controul my Honor, and corrupt my Sense.
An hour hence expect me in that Room,
Where one at least shall fall your Sacrifice. *Exit.*

Enter Avaro, Clesi, Angellina,

Ava. Oh my Lord, luckily encounter'd, I have often
Forbore Court, to avoid you, now I am come purposely
To find you. But my Rage at present overcomes my
Intended Kindness. Do you see that sheepish Rogue there,
Look on him, do you not perceive what he has done?

Cle. Nay, the truth on't is, I must confess that———

Ava. Confess, no, no, you need not, you need not confess;
Whoever looks on you may see it. Come, come hither
I'll refer it now to all this company, if without
Thy Confession, they wou'd not know thee, by that
Miserable, simple, mortify'd Countenance, to be
Marry'd.

Aist. Come Sir, let us mediate in his behalf: Pray be
Pacify'd; if he is marry'd, I'll undertake he is
Sufficiently wretched, without your anger.

Ava. Why he has marry'd a Beggar; would you have
An hungry man fill'd without Victuals, wou'd you have
Me pacify'd without Money; he may be fill'd with
Wind indeed, and I with Rage, but never satisfy'd.

Cle. I did not think but———

Ava. Few in thy condition ever thought; nor did I when
I begot thee. No, I dare swear thou didst not think;
Why I can see that too in thy countenance; truly thou
Hast a very foretelling Face. Come, I'll read thy
Destiny in it. First, there's Matrimony; no, first
There's Cuckoldom, for thou were't a Cuckold before
Thou were't marry'd; next there's Poverty, next
Repentance, next Despair, then Death and the Devil.

Cle.

Cle. Lord, Lord, you are ſo cholerick, you won't hear a
Body ſpeak. I would no more have marry'd her, than
You would, if I had not been perſwaded ſhe was
Rich, and I thought that ſo good an excuſe, that you
Would even be pleas'd with me, for my diſobedience.

Ava. If ſhe had been ſo, I had never enquir'd how ſhe
Became ſo: but do you think I will pardon you,
Since you were deceiv'd. Go, begon out of my ſight,
Try how Matrimony and Poverty will agree. Go, ſee,
Now you are poor, whether people will miſtake your
Laughing for good humour, and your much talking for
Wit.

Aiſt. A little of your kindneſs will make 'em happy,
And agreeable to each other: for fools are generally
Fonder of each other, than wits.

Ava. Ah, my Lord, I know you ſpeak only out of good
Nature; but I believe 'twill pleaſe you more to
Beſtow my Daughter on *Deſiderio*. What ſay you, Sir,
Will you pardon all my former denials, if I now give
You my conſent?

Deſi. Moſt readily; I could pardon thee hadſt thou been
One of *Alboino*'s Murderers, to purchaſe her.
But tho I am ſo deſirous to have her mine, I would
Not owe it wholly to her obedience; rather let Love
Prevail with her, let her give one proof of that, ſhe
Has many of Duty to you.

Ang. I have already confeſs'd my Love to my Father, tho
Perhaps I never ſhould to you, without his conſent.
Believe not my Love to be the leſs, or that I ſhall make
The worſe Wife for my Obedience. For who pays it
Not to a Parent, never will to a Husband.

Deſid. Be mine at any rate, I muſt be happy.

Ava. Well, take her, take her, and with her you ſhall have
All my Wealth; but then you muſt ſtay till I am
Dead, I cannot for the blood of me part with it,
And live.

Deſi. I never requir'd that, nor do I want it to encreaſe
My happineſs. And you, Sir, [*To* Cleſi.] tho
You have not been my friend, yet ſince you are
Angellina's Brother, I will provide for you.

Cle. Ah, ten thouſand thanks upon my knees; well I am not the
Firſt man has rais'd his fortunes by a handſom Siſter.

Aiſt. Well, *Deſiderio*, I have had patience thus long,
To ſee your happineſs confirm'd.
And now *Alboino*'s blood calls for Vengeance.
I will delay no longer my Revenge.
If *Longinus* conſents not, I'll force him.

But be not vain, becauſe ſhe ſays ſhe loves.
Believe me friend, 'tis owing all to fate,
'Tis not for Merit that we love or hate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roſamund, Longinus, Odoacre. Longinus *ſpeaks entering.* (*aſide.*)

Long. All my deſigns are baffled by her eyes;
I am ſo much her Beauty's ſlave,
So aw'd, I dare not have the man deſtroy'd
Upon whoſe ruin depends my happineſs;
For fear it ſhould offend, and raiſe a frown.

Roſa. Is then *Alboino* ſo much lamented?
Could ſuch invet'rate cruelty and pride,
Gain him a laſting popular applauſe?

Odo. When Monarchs fall by an untimely death,
The people colour commonly their faults;
Their virtues then are only nam'd and prais'd.
Cruelty is call'd impartial Juſtice,
And pride, a noble carriage fit for regal ſtate.

Long. He tells you true.
Never was man ſo pitied and belov'd.
The people mourn his loſs in lowder cries,
Than Soldiers *Io's* for their victories.
Their loſs of liberty and life they ſlight,
His death alone engroſſes all their Grief.

Roſa. Let the unthinking Rabble bellow on,
I ſcorn their cenſures, they're ne're in th' right.
They hate one day what they'll adore the next.
Colour the moſt abominable wrong,
With Liberty's deceitful ſpecious name,
And you may gain them to what ill you pleaſe.

Odo. That way I try'd, almoſt to my ruin.
The Mob attended calmly my diſcourſe,
While I harrangu'd in praiſe of Liberty;
But when I ſaid, by *Alboino's* death 'twas purchas'd,
Had I pronounc'd their deaths, they had rag'd leſs;
Down with him, flea him, burn him, was the cry;
And then they hurl'd againſt me Stones, Forks, Staves,
And all the Rabbles inſtruments of War.
And had the Guards not quickly interpos'd,
I ſoon had been devour'd by their rage.

Long. Nor can I awe them to more mild reſolves,
Than puniſhing the murderers with death,
So they call them.

Roſa. What, am I not ſecure
By my own Guards, and by the *Roman* power?
In my own Palace ſhall I dread the crowd?

I ſlight the weak many headed Monſter,
Nay Life I ſcorn rather than owe it them.
Long. They're of themſelves giddy and impotent,
Yet they are oft employ'd, as great Mens Tools,
Who work their ends by their impetuous Force,
Secure and ſecret they encreaſe the Flame,
And loo them on to deſperate miſchief.
Odoa. Their number gives them courage to attempt.
They raſhly enterprize what they reſolve,
Before they've leiſure to reflect on fear.
Nor from their fury can you long be ſafe
But by deliv'ring to them *Almachild*;
Which may divert their charge of guilt from you.
Roſa. 'Tis thou ſhou'dſt be deliver'd to their Rage,
Who prompt'ſt me thus, to ſuch ingratitude.
Wou'd'ſt have me ſo unworthily deſert
The Man, whoſe act obedience was to me?
Long. I muſt adviſe the ſame, but I am mov'd
To wiſh his Death, by thoſe inticing Eyes,
I burſt with Envy at the joys he reaps,
And yet thoſe awful Eyes ſecure his Life;
Did I not dread their Frowns, his Rivals Sword
Shou'd ſoon remove the bar to all my hopes.
Odoa. And yet 'tis ſtrange, that ſuch Victorious Eyes
So us'd to Conqueſts and preſerve them too;
Shou'd be ſo ſuddainly contemn'd by him.
That ſuch refreſhing charming Sweets ſhou'd cloy
The ſtupid Animal in one ſhort Hour.
Roſa. Take heed, mock not me, nor vilify him.
My anger will prove as dangerous to you,
As my enrag'd jealouſy wou'd to him.
Odoa. He was my Friend, and ſtill he ſhou'd be ſo,
Had I not ſeen his perfidy to you.
And proof of that within this Hour I had,
If ſighs and vows to others may be Proofs,
And if embraces and appointments are.
Roſa. 'Tis only Pride with hinders jealouſy;
Meanly we think of others, of our ſelves too well
But proceed. (*aſide.*
Odoa. A Vail conceal'd the Lady he admir'd,
But in this Room I overheard the Intrigue.
He preſt her hands, and on it ſwore his truth;
My Life! he cry'd, in an Hour I'll return,
I'll but pay the Queen a formal Viſit,
And haſte to thee, my Soul; here take this Key
And wait ſo long in my apartment there.

Roſa.

Roſa. I diſdain to ſhow how much I'm enrag'd,
I'll keep my fury collected within,
Till at once I pour it all on him. (*aſide.*
Perhaps ſhe ſtill is there, force open the door,
I'll ſee this powerful Beauty.

Odoa. Beſt ſtay, I'll knock and counterfeit his Voice,
My Love! my dear! here is your *Almachild.* (*knocking at the door.*

She ſpeaks as ſhe opens the Door, and runs to him.

Flo. Where haſt thou been loit'ring ſo long, my Life?

Seeing them, ſhe pretends to ſhriek and run back.

Odoa. [*holding her.*] Nay Madam, do not believe you ſhall retreat
We've diſcover'd the amour, and muſt your Face.

Roſa. Approach nearer thou preſumptuous Fool,
Unvail thy ſelf, that I may ſee that Face
Which dare admit his Love, whoſe Heart's my due.

Flo. Where ſhall I fly, who will protect me now?
What can I hope from an offended Queen?
And Death I dread from an enrag'd Father: [*lifting up her Vail.*

Odoa. Damnation, what do I ſee! my Daughter!
On unworthy, infamous Proſtitute!
Have I thus labour'd to prove him Villain
But to publiſh my Families diſgrace,
But with my Sword I'll wipe the ſtain out, thus——

Long. [*holding him.*] Hold, moderate your Paſſion, pity her,
And ſhew more reſpect in the Queen's preſence.

Roſa. Doſt thou pretend to rage? 'tis I that ought:
What's ſcandal or diſgrace, to jealouſy?
But furious words are Cowards Reſentments,
And weak Womens, who cannot right themſelves.
Monarchs in acts not words ſhou'd ſhew their Wrath.
And by one blow thus I procure Revenge. (*going to ſtab her.*)

Flo. [*kneeling.*] Ah do not kill me! and I'll confeſs all.

Odoa. Confeſs! interpoſe or we are ruin'd. (*to* Longinus.

Roſa. Confeſs! doſt thou think that will excuſe thee.
Doſt believe I'll liſten, till thou repeat ſt
The Arts he us'd, the Vows he made to win thee;
That will encreaſe my painful Rage too much,
Delay thy death, and my Revenge too long.

Long. Give me leave to interceed for her Life;
Forgive her for her faithful Fathers ſake;
Tho now he'd joyn with you in your Revenge,
Nature will ſoon move him to pardon her,
And wiſh to have her ſtain'd, rather than Dead.

Roſa. To his ſervices let her own her Life;

But,

But, hence, I can no longer bear her Sight.
Why, this exceeds *Alboino*'s Crime! I burſt with rage.
Tho 'tis not that I love the fickle wretch,
For Wives are jealous, tho they do not love.
Odoa. I beg I may obtain one favour more,
That I may puniſh him, for both our wrongs.
Then if I may adviſe, take *Longinus*,
A worthier choice, and which ſecures your Crown.
Roſa. Merits like his may hope for any thing.
But I'll pleaſe my ſelf in the Traytors Death.
Ha! behold he comes to his appointment!
How every circumſtance agrees!
Retire, and leave his Puniſhment to me.
[*Exeunt* Longinus *and* Odoacre.
Now let me play the Woman to deceive.

Enter Almachild *Penſive.*

Alm. Was it a dream? have Dreams ſuch wondrous power?
Vaſt Prerogative of Sleep,
Thus to inſult our thoughts when w'are awake.
Other Men ſleep, and ſo forget their Pain,
But one Hours ſleep robs me for ever of my reſt,
The Murder was as great, the Sin as great before;
Yet was I eaſy in my Mind, calm and at peace.
Do Senſe and Judgment clearer work in Sleep?
Buſineſs and noyſe diverted them before;
Sleep has awak'ned them to my eternal Plague.
Roſa. What mean thoſe Sighs, har'd Looks, and heavy Gate. (*aſide.*)
Alm. Oh my *Roſamund!* I have been ſeeking you,
To try to eaſe my Griefs b' imparting them:
For oh! I bear a load within my Breaſt
Enough to ſink me to the loweſt Hell.
But I'm ſo filled, ſo choak'd with black diſpair,
I well may burſt, but have not breath to ſpeak.
Roſa. What can this mean? ſure 'tis to colour his deſign. (*aſide.*
Alike we ſhould relate our joys and griefs,
'Twill improve the one, and leſſen t'other.
As Winds impriſon'd in the Earths Caverne
Then rage and ſtorm with greateſt Violenc
And ſeem to ſhake the baſis of the World,
But when they've forc'd a Vent, they quickly waſte.
So ſorrow ſtifl'd in our breaſts racks moſt.
But why doſt thou complain of Griefs and Pain,
Cannot a Crown and Queen compleat thy Joys?
Alm. Are you to ask the Cauſe of my deſpair?

You

You who compell'd me to the cruel deed.
Art thou ſo hardned in impenitence,
Or doſt thou ōnly ignorance affect?
Think on *Alboino*, my murder'd Maſter.
Think on thy wrong'd Husband, think on our King,
And thenbe happy; doest not ſtartle thee?
Do's not deſpair and horror ſeize thy Soul?
Roſa. Nay then 'tis time to kill the Tender Fool,
And end his idle ſuperſtitious Fears,
Elſe ſuch diſquiet Thoughts he'll raiſe in me. (*aſide.*)
Alm. Confeſs the gnawing fortunes of thy Mind,
And with ſevereſt words accuſe thy ſelf,
That I may have a clearer Idea
Of my Sin, fill me with raging deſpair
Till it diſtracts my diſtemper'd ſenſes.
Oh wretched State! oh tormenting Crime! When I
From Madneſs only can expect a Cure.
Roſa. Some melancholy dream has rais'd theſe thoughts:
Thou ſeeſt I am quiet and undiſturb'd,
Nor can repent what Juſtice mov'd me to.
Alm. See where the Royal, ſacred Ghoſt appears, (*ſtarting.*)
See where he ſtands, and bodes me certain Hell.
And look this curſed Hand is ſtain'd with Blood.
Roſa. You but create this anguiſh to your ſelf,
There's no ſuch thing, theſe are idle fancies.
Alma. My Conſcience ſees him plain; and tho he's gone,
His dreadful Image is fixt ever here.
Break, burſt my Heart, why ſhou'dſt thou thus endure
Such cruel Torments, as admit no Cure?
From time it ſelf, thou canſt not hope for eaſe,
No action paſt, none to come can pleaſe.
Friendleſs without, diſtraction all within,
Obdurate made, as Punniſhment for Sin.
Roſa. Theſe ſad thoughts, Muſick and Love ſhall baniſh,
Retire with me to my Alcove, and try their Force.
Alm. Lead on, and diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe,
But much I fear, there can no Art be found
To heal my Minds envenom'd deſperate Wound. *Exeunt.*

SONG.

SONG.

I.

OH Love how mighty are thy Joys!
Who can bear th' Extaſy,
Joy ſo great my Life deſtroys,
In Rapture now I dye.

II.

But that I ever might partake
Of ſuch tranſporting Bliſs,
I wou'd in t'ether World awake,
As I expire in this.

After the Song is ended, the Scene draws and diſcovers Roſamund *and* Almachild *ſitting, ſhe with a Cup in her hand.*

Roſa. Here's what will end his care; 'tis a Poiſon
Of ſuch force, three drops deſtroys him in a moment. *aſide.*
Still you appear diſturb'd, my *Almachild*;
Have my tender Embraces no effect?
Shall all my Arts and Love be try'd in vain,
Will nought diſpel your melancholy thoughts?

Alma. Nothing can eaſe me while my Mem'ry laſts.
Muſic heightens and improves our paſſions;
It encreaſes, but never changes them.
The pleaſant it tranſports with Mirth and Joy,
But fills the ſad with a more fierce Deſpair.

Roſa. If Love and Muſic can't prevail, try this.
Here I've prepar'd a Cordial for my Love.

Alma. Wine for the preſent may allay our Griefs,
But they'll return, and rack with double Force.
Howe're give it me, I'd leave nought untry'd. (*He takes the Bowl and Drinks.*

A Cordial is it? 'tis ſtrangely nauſeous.
I cannot force my Stomach, to receive
One drop more —— what means this ſudden coldneſs
Near my Heart, and this ſwimming in my Head?

Roſa. I find it begins to work already,
Half he has drank, will ſend him ſtrait to Hell. (*aſide.*

Alm. Now 'tis plain, by all my fears 'tis Poyſon,
But ſhe ſhall not triumph in my Death too. (*aſide.*

Here my *Roſamund*, I find its Virtues
To be ſo excellent, that you muſt pledge me.
Roſa. I need it not, I have my health intire.
Alm. Oh thou bloody Monſter! worſe than Woman!
How have I deſerv'd this barbarity.
Thy refuſal, as well as my Torments,
Diſcovers thy baſeneſs. But I'll not fall alone,
Here drink this, while I have ſtrength to force thee.
Roſa. Help! Murder! help! where are my Guards? Murder!
Alm. Thy reſiſtance is vain, here take thy choice,
Drink or I'll ſtrike this Dagger to thy Heart.
Nay delay not one Moment, if thou doſt—— [*offering to ſtab her.*
Roſa. Hold, give it me, Death looks leſs dreadful here.
She drinks, and then Enter Longinus, Aiſtolfus, Deſiderio, Odoacre, *Guards.*
Alma. So, now let them come to her aſſiſtance.
I dye pleas'd, ſince time was for this deed giv'n,
And by this Juſtice I may merit Heav'n. *Dies.*
Long. What does this mean?
Whence proceeds his Death and your fainting Looks?
Roſa. Ah! you are come too late, he has forc'd me
To ſhare the Poiſon, I prepar'd for him.
Odoacre there! then dread thy Fate next.
Juſtice has overtaken the Murder
I contriv'd, and will ſoon thy Treachery.
T' Enemies your Country you betray'd,
While I a Plot to kill *Alboino* laid.
No Art can thee from divine Juſtice guard.
And I in Death and Hell ſhall meet Reward. (*Dies.*)
Deſid. Were't thou the Villain, who betray'd the Town,
Thus Traytor I'll fulfil her Prophecy. (*They fight.*
Long. Hold, part them. (Odoacre *falls.*
Odoa. I have deſerv'd this end, and ſhou'd rejoyce.
I've liv'd long in miſery, my Conſcience
Plagu'd me ſo much, I cou'd no more bear Life.
My Fate is juſt and kind, I'll not complain,
And Death may end, but can't encreaſe my Pain. (*Dies.*
Long. I will not blame what Juſtice bid thee do,
Nor for intereſt will protect Villains. (*to* Deſiderio
But her I muſt lament, not all her Crimes,
Not death can deprive her of her beauty. [*looking on* Roſamund.
Aiſt. Be pleas'd, and thankful for Heaven's Juſtice,
Which has wiſely freed you from the Love,
Which would elſe have ſully'd all your Renown.

Long.

Long. Time may perſwade me to mind your advice.
But that I may pay the Regard that's due
To the noble *Alboino*'s Memory;
Wear the Crown. which he bequeath'd you; and be
Aſſur'd, *Juſtinus* will confirm the gift.
But only promiſe to remain his friend,
And quit all pretenſions to *Verona*.

Aiſt. I'll readily agree to any terms,
So I may preſerve *Longinus* friendſhip.
The greateſt buſinſs of my life is o're,
Alboino's death is now fully reveng'd.
Yet for his fall, grief ſtill my breaſt diſtends,
Crowns cannot recompence the loſs of Friends.

Exeunt Omnes.

EPI

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Miſs *Dennis Chock.*

OF all the Actors you have ſeen this day,
Our Scribbler culls out me, t' excuſe his Play.
I cry'd I was too young; he ſaid, he knew
The likelieſt way to pleaſe, was to be new.
I cou'd not chooſe but laugh, to find the Fool
Shou'd think I ne're was try'd, bred in this School:
And therefore, to remove his groſs miſtake,
I told I d been us'd before to ſpeak.
But ſince I was t' addreſs to you, he ſwore,
It was no fault, to have been us'd, Before.
Tho he has taken after all wrong meaſure,
Either to give the Men, or Ladies Pleaſure.
Gladly he wou'd divert yon beauteous Row;
In vain he ſtrives, for by my ſelf I know,
They hate, what they admir'd an hour ago.
Yet, ſince they are not always of one mind,
Some, at ſome minutes, may perhaps be kind.
One tender look from them will pleaſe him more
Than when the Pit applauds, or Gall'ries roar.
And for the Men, I m told there was a time,
When nothing mov'd like Virgins in their Prime.
But Time alas is chang'd; now 'tis not ſo,
Nothing will pleaſe the Beaux now, but a Beau.
They come not now with Masks to keep a pother,
But from Side-boxes ogle one another.
But I forget for what I am come here.
Well, 'tis not yet too late, becauſe I hear,
For all your forward boaſts, you love the Rear.
I come, to beg for Mercy for the Play,
Yet do not think, I'll for your Judgment ſtay.
No, I'll be gone, becauſe ſuch gen'rous Youths,
When my Back's turn'd, will ſpeak the kindeſt Truths.

FINIS.